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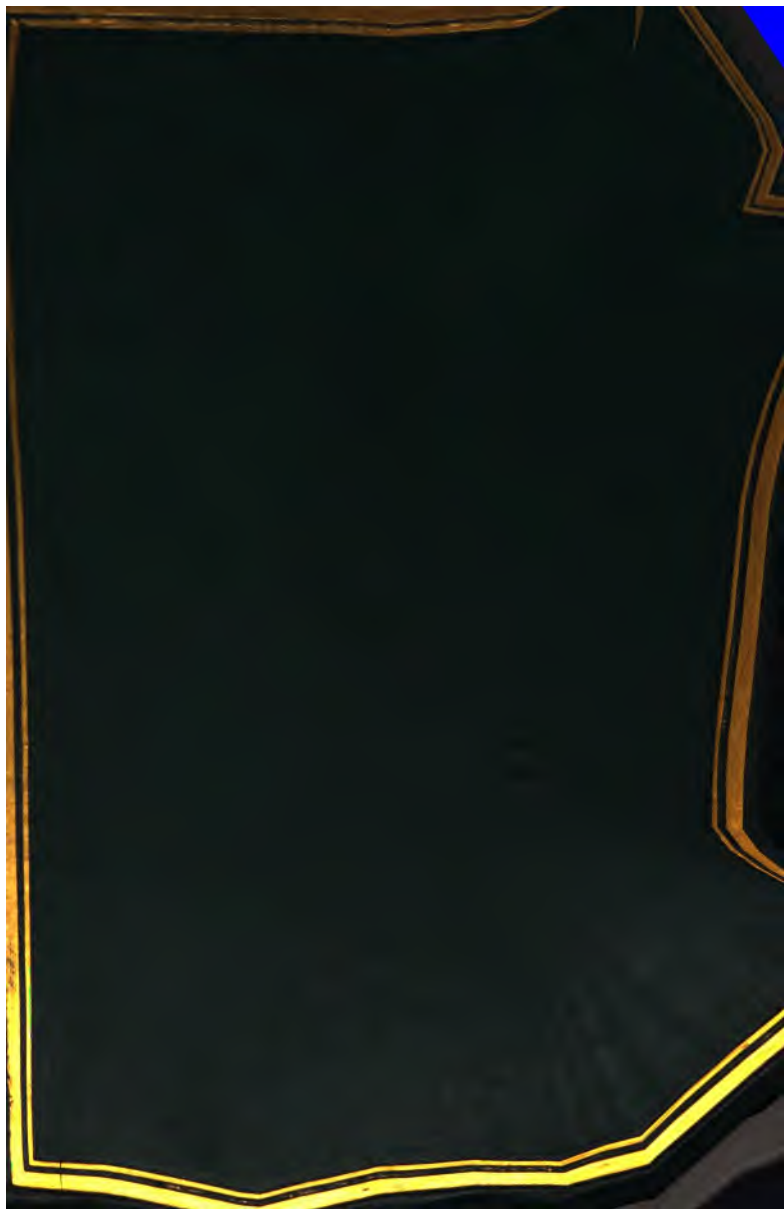
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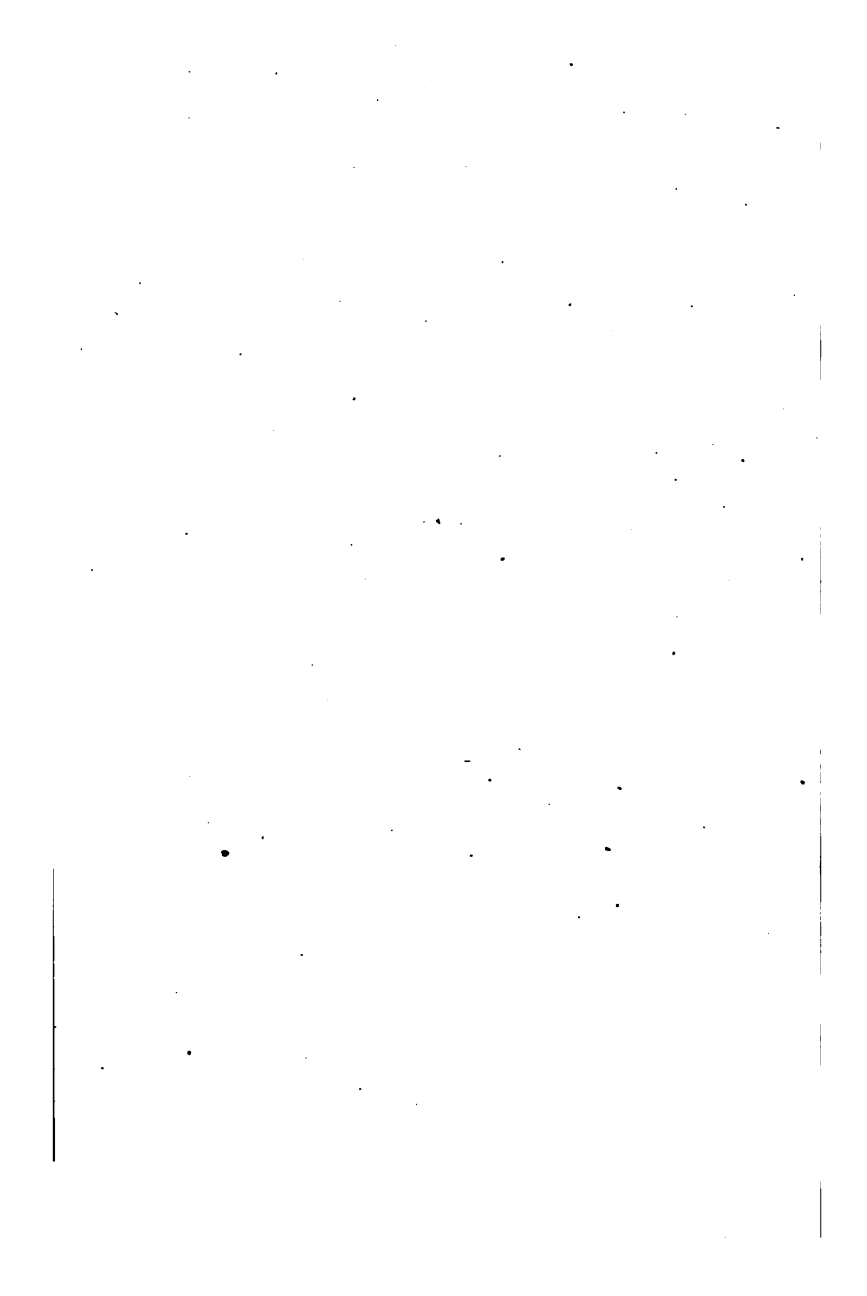






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LEAH.



LEAH.





LEAH,  
ECCE HOMO,

And other Poems.

BY  
EDWARD W. PRICE.

— Operosa parvus  
Carmina fingo.—



LONDON:  
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## DEDICATION.

---

### To my Father.

Y Father, since to thee I owe my birth,  
To thee I dedicate, in filial love,  
My labour's fruit.—It is not that I deem  
Them worthy of the name to me most dear,  
Yet 'tis in hope that thou mayst in them see  
Some offspring of thy ever-fostering care.  
Love toward a Father is the noblest grace  
Our fallen nature clings to ; 'tis a *love*,  
Not a mere idle and capricious dream,  
But a deep-rooted, growing, vestal flame

Which never dies. The love of man to God  
Resembles most that which a son should feel  
Toward his being's author; and 'tis this,  
This feeling of a perfect love and trust,  
In which I consecrate this work to thee.

Oh! most revered since first my life begun,  
How can I yield to thee the full of grace  
Thy nature calleth for? Words cannot tell  
What a sweet trustfulness thy love has made!

Changes of life, my Father, thou hast seen,  
Shadows of gloom have darkened oft thy path,  
Troubles assailed, while all thy future life  
Seemed barren as the past. Some, some are o'er,  
And with fresh vigour rising from their sea,  
Thou hast emerged, like fire-tested gold,  
Grown brighter by the proof. Thus, 'tis to thee  
I dedicate my thoughts, and them accept  
As some small token of the sacred force  
Of my undying, ever-cherished love!

## Preface.

---



S I am about thus to intrude upon the patience of the public, I feel bound to make a few remarks concerning the following productions. It is almost unnecessary to state that they were all written at a very early age, and one which might perhaps be better employed; yet there is an old proverb, "All work and no play, etc," and in my spare time I have compiled these few pages.—Works of literature must, of course, stand or fall by their own intrinsic merit; still the plea of youth, without evading censure,

6000803101









**LEAH.**

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# LEAH.

---

## Canto I.

OW in the heavens sank th' expiring sun,  
The day was over, and his course was run ;  
And Lerna's steep was purpled with the  
haze

Shed through the cloudlets by the dying rays.  
(Oh! day is lovely on the Styrian plains,  
When golden sunset o'er the landscape reigns!  
When the last traces of the passing day  
Track 'cross the arc of heaven their burnished way!)  
And the dark forest at the mountain's base  
Relieved the gaze : the eye might o'er it rove,  
And mark the change from the bright heaven's face,  
Too bright for mortals was the scene above!—

Beneath the waving branches of the trees,  
(Silent but for the music of the breeze,)   
There stood a ruin'd hut, grown hoar with age  
And the long storms of years: the tempest's rage  
Had bared its rafters, and the ivy twined  
Around the walls, showed the neglect of years.  
Ah! ages ever leave their marks behind,  
To play upon our pity or our fears.  
Red fell the motey beams upon the ground,  
Long fell the shadows on the grass around  
That barren shed. None, but the wandering race,  
Sought ever there a wretched resting place;  
The race despised of men, and angry-eyed  
With look of scorn, and overwhelming pride,  
—The outcast Jews—Their once proud state is o'er!  
Their Salem is a city now no more:  
Yet tho' upon the face of earth they roam,  
Devoid of comfort, resting-place or home,  
Doomed by the verdict of mankind to care,  
The murderers' children still their guilt must bear,

Dost think that *they*, the once most favoured race,  
Forget that theirs was erst the proudest place ?  
Dost think the daughters of those noble sires  
Now strike no more their sorrow-burden'd lyres ?  
They *do*. The song their captive fathers sung  
Chaldea's palaces and plains among,  
Still, still remains ; though Israel's hope be lost,  
On life's rough stream their bark be rudely tost ;  
They know the past, they know their former state,  
While blest by Heaven and unharmed by fate ;  
While in the might of earth their sires excelled,  
The proudest name among the proudest held ;  
While yet the Temple stood in all its pride,  
Before its lustre could the darkness hide ;  
And when above Jerusalem's proud domes  
The grace of Heaven haloed o'er their homes,  
And age on age the days of early youth  
Passed in the atmosphere of peace and truth.  
All,—all is past, yet still those hearts can know  
What *once* was theirs : nor can the gladdening flow

Of memory's sweets be stopped by floods of care,  
Though the glad dream themselves can never share  
In the reality of life ! Ne'er more  
Will Israel prosper, for their day is o'er !  
Never, while Time turns round his running sand,  
Can they build up the greatness of their land ;  
'Tis now for ever faded !—Human state !  
What are thy days ? At most thy gifts must wither !  
And the still lingering memories of the great  
Prove life and fame but loosely bound together !  
Glory and fame, ye are but empty sounds,  
Bright meteors flashing thro' the sullen night,  
But yet scarce crisised when the grassy mounds  
And graves bear witness of your lightning flight !  
Alas for Salem ! all her hope is past !  
The curse of blood rests on her sons for ever ;  
Peace lives for her no more, her doom is cast,  
And Time sighs mournfully the " Never, *never* !"

---

But hark ! what sound strikes on the list'ning ear ?  
Soft footsteps fall upon the mossy ground,  
Singing a melody as she draws near,  
A woman enters from the depths around.  
Was that a Jewess ? Could that youthful face  
Have seen the storm of hatred, and disgrace ?  
Could that bright eye, now pure as Heaven above,  
Have looked on other scenes than those of love ?  
Alas ! who knows what canker lurks behind  
A calm exterior in the human mind ?  
For though at peace the outward form appear,  
'Tis often hard to check the rising tear.  
But still *her* step was careless as the roe,  
Her *soul* at least must be estranged from woe ;  
Her aspect could not be so purely bright,  
If o'er her spirit hung the fatal blight !  
Ah no ! as yet tho' poor her state without,  
Her soul was burdened by no cruel doubt ;  
Her heart was blameless and untouched by sin ;  
Fair, as the form without, the life within.

Like some sweet vision, never seen but dreamed,  
Imagination's offspring, LEAH seemed !  
Her dark eyes fixed on the departing rays,  
With purity deep swelling in their gaze,  
Lustrous and melting, with the ardent soul  
Rising in rapture, free from all control.  
Dark fell her tresses o'er her bosom's snows,  
Shading the features in their deep repose.  
Smooth as the winter drift, ere foot has trod,  
Rose the high forehead, with the seal of God  
Visibly graved thereon ; the stamp of mind,  
Deep thought and candour in one mould combin'd.  
Red beamed the sunlight in the distant west ;  
Loud sang the birds ere they retir'd to rest ;  
Among the branches sighed the evening air,  
Cooling the earth the while the day was waning  
Duskily on :—The scene is wondrous fair  
While light grows faint and earth is rest regaining.  
'Tis sweet to watch the crimson spreading far  
Over the skies, while the bright evening star



Is slowly rising, and the wondering sight  
Gains all the beauty of the silver night !  
So Leah thought, and for a time she stood  
Entranced in wonder, with the rosy flood  
Beaming like molten gold upon her face ;  
Ill-fated daughter of a fallen race !  
And yet she sighed the while she gazed upon  
The scene, although it seemed to soothe her breast ;  
Did not the day's life typify her own,  
Devoid of pleasure and of comfort rest ?  
Did not the sunlight represent her youth,  
The golden age of happiness and flowers ?  
Yet scarce for her, for persecution's ruth  
Had dulled the brightness of the passing hours.  
Was not her life, declining ever down,  
Fated by heaven to sorrow and decay,  
Like that sun yielding to the clouds' dark frown  
To rise again when dawned another day ?  
'Twas scarce a sigh of grief, for life is dear  
Even to those who never knew its light ;

The star of hope will oft the spirit cheer,  
When all the future seems to lapse in night.—  
—She turned and entered. “Abram! is all well  
With Deborah and her child? Has Azrael  
Held from them still?” An aged form uprose  
As thus she spake, an old grey-headed Jew,  
A form well used to buffets and to blows,  
Life’s bounties ever had to him been few.  
His eyes were blinded; many a passing year  
Had scattered snow on him; few things could cheer  
His weary spirit, though his fading age  
Was memoried brightly on Time’s varying page.  
But as he recognized her silvery voice  
His face grew brighter, and he cried, “Rejoice,  
Daughter! Oh, Deborah, thy help is near,  
Hope now usurps the gloomy throne of fear.  
Leah, my child”—He strained his sightless eyes,  
As if he fain would make the vision rise,  
But in reality—“Hast thou succeeded  
In gaining that thy burdened sister needed?”

She oped her mantle. "Rabbi, yes," she said,  
"I have succeeded, if a loaf of bread  
Be called success. Yet even this may be  
A blessing to us in our poverty."  
The old man's face grew brighter as he heard:  
"Thou art our Saviour!" was the heartfelt word  
Brake from his lips. "She, she, who lies within  
Will thank thee, Leah. Ah! thy zeal *must* win  
From Heaven its guerdon. Blessed may'st thou be  
For ever; and as thou hast done to me,  
So be it paid again, in thousand-fold,  
To thee and thine: As Heaven's dews are shed  
On Hermon's summit, from the clouds down roll'd,  
May crowns of blessing garland round thy head!"  
They sought the couch. Oh, but 'twas sweet to see  
The mother's look when she received that meal:  
Where kindness lives, there thankfulness must be,  
Though gloomy shadows on its pathway steal.  
There is a subtle tenderness of love  
Lurks in the beaming of the thankful gaze,

Which seems to tell of happier scenes above,  
A God-sprung joy the fallen heart to raise.  
Oh! Heaven is love, and love makes earth a Heaven!  
And kindness ranks in order after this;  
Oh! the glad sight, when from one heart is given  
Love of its own, to make another's bliss.  
The silent thankfulness that knows no bound,  
The utterance choked down within the breast,  
Is more than all the words that can be found  
To tell the deepness of it when confessed.

So, Leah left them, and with timid tread  
Passed through the doorway of the ruin'd shed.  
The wood lay dark before her, but her mind  
Was still with those whom she had left behind:  
How to preserve to them the breath of life,  
How to on-struggle in th' unequal strife.  
Yet ever and anon her thoughts would stray  
To other forms, and light, like that of day,  
Burst o'er the studied gloom upon her face,

Brightened the eyes, and left a pleasing trace  
Of hope in future happiness, though now  
The clouds hung low upon Fate's frowning brow :  
And often she would murmur, " Rudolf mine,  
Would thou wert here to kiss and call me thine ;  
Would that this heart its troubled thoughts could  
cease,

And in thy presence feel the boon of peace.  
Oh ! come to me, let thy dear influence steal  
Over my heart, thou know'st not what I feel !"  
And oft before her would she cause to rise  
The form of him so precious in her eyes.  
Night had no terrors for her now, her soul  
Had far outstripped her woman-fear's control.  
Fast through the thicket to the well known spot  
She wended on ; her brow grew burning hot  
As nearer she approached. Short seemed the way  
To her, tho' 'twas not short, but love's young day  
Recks not of space. She reached a forest glade  
Hemm'd round with trees, and wond'rously arrayed

In Nature's vest. Soft was the mossy ground ;  
Dark into distance loomed the trunks around  
Of giant trees, in vast primeval state.  
In this lone spot 'twas her intent to wait.  
All, all was silent.—'Neath fair Nature's bower  
She waited patiently, until the hour  
Should come of love, of truth, and leaning stood  
Against a tree, in silent, pensive mood.  
The moon was rising, quelling every fear,  
"Short time remains ere Rudolf will be here."

## Canto II.



THE organ peals its last long swelling notes,  
Upon the air the solemn anthem floats,  
Soul-stirring in its majesty of sound,  
Waking deep sympathies, and casting round  
Sweet influence. Who is't unmovèd feels,  
When music's grandeur o'er his spirit steals?  
Its grandeur, yet simplicity, for great  
Is melody, and throned in simple state.  
The church was old, grown grey, and dark with age,  
Though still for years might winter's tempests rage  
Madly around its spire, yet ne'er avail  
To wear its strength. Within the churchyard's  
pale  
Reposed the dust of ages ; many a stone  
Marked the last resting place of forms gone by,  
Apart, and silent, ever more alone,

Told of the orphan's and the widow's cry.  
The tombs were many, mossy grown, and covered  
With the long grass ; sometimes the eye discovered  
Some ancient stone with legend half effaced,  
Crusted with damp, and never to be traced  
By careless gaze, half buried in the sod,  
Over whose surface crowds of feet had trod,  
May be for centuries, until 'twas cast  
Aside, a humble relic of the past.  
The villagers thronged forth. The setting sun  
Brightened as if his course had just begun.  
Fit type of life ! when strongest fall its rays,  
Oblivion rises to obscure the blaze,  
Nor hope nor comfort can the spirit raise.  
But the long pencilled sunbeams flashed upon  
The quaint old windows, and the turrets shone  
White in the flood. In silence came they forth  
From the high service ; (for of little worth  
Are those weak hearts that but in presence prove,  
Nor carry out, their gratitude and love ;)



In that calm, peaceful silence could be traced  
The thoughts of Heaven, not in their hearts effaced  
As yet by Time.—*Too* soon to be erased !  
Without they waited, till the Priest should come,  
With the last blessing to dismiss them home.

All was soft hushed, and but that Priest remained  
With two companions, who their steps restrained,  
Spectators of the scene ; two opposite grades  
Of human life ; one—old, with age's shades  
Fixed on his forehead, though his eye still beamed  
With pride, as if his youth had never seemed  
Lighter than now : This was the magistrate,  
Lorrenz by name. The other was a maid,  
One of those pets unused to storms of fate,  
Blue-eyed, fair-haired, with one long tress that  
strayed

Adown her neck. Oh ! rare, rare Madelene,  
In few have e'er such charms as thine been seen !  
Eyes that down-pouring beamed their liquid light,

Love subtly lying in the orbits bright,  
—Love deep in truth. Her tresses loosely tied  
With azure ribbon, could in nowise hide  
The rounded head ; and at the lovely face,  
Lighted with features of the purest grace,  
Where would the heart be found which could with-  
stand

To bow to virtue, and, at love's command,  
Yield to such beauty ? Never Timon had  
Nourished his hate, if Madelena bade  
Him change. And many were the hearts that  
poured

Their love in silence, that sweet form adored,  
And in the temple of the inmost mind  
Her well-loved image cherished, and enshrined  
In hopeless constancy. She too must love  
One, one alone ; nor yet she ever strove  
To bar her feelings, and her love's bright day  
Was passing happily in peace away,  
Though but begun. Not like the Jewish maid

Loved, with a deeper passion ne'er to fade  
With absence, but in fiercer zeal to burn,  
When blissful memories to the soul return ;  
Whose love, deep-rooted in her ardent breast,  
Sought out its goal, nor wished a gentle rest ;  
Nor could endure a chill to pass the spot,  
Where on her heart there rested, ne'er forgot,  
His memory for ever ; time might kill  
Her body, but in death her soul would still  
Cling to the past. Yet though these natures  
                  verged

So widely separate, in love they merged  
Into one channel, each, to each unknown,  
Rivalled the other. Worldly sunshine shone  
Brighter on Madelene, her way was clear ;  
Not like the Jewess, born and nursed in fear  
And deathless hate ! Old Lorrenz had a son,  
Rudolf by name, and on this star alone  
Their futures seemed to hang. His was a state  
Strangely opposed to the decrees of fate

In general ; by him *two* hearts enthralled !  
Loved by two lovely ones ; this might be called  
Love midst a crowd of loves indeed : but few  
Can boast two souls' affection as their due.  
Due strictly meted, yet may be 'twere well  
If from one source affection's accents fell.  
One fountain-head from which all pleasure springs,  
And every aim of love 'mongst mortals brings.  
Two, wearying ; one is ever full of change,  
And down life's path that pair will onward range  
While Time flies by, unheeding what may pass,  
So it but brightens, and ne'er dims the glass  
Of love and truth. Yet Rudolf could not see  
Madelene's love, for the deep mystery  
She clothed it in. His thoughts, his heart, his  
mind  
Lived but for Leah, and their hearts, entwined  
In strong affection's knot, knew nought beside,  
No anxious thoughts their depth of love could  
hide !

They sat them down upon a rustic seat,  
Watching the daylight and the evening meet,  
Talking meanwhile, on many a subject dear  
To all their hearts. A sound of hoofs drew near  
Borne on the breeze. A simultaneous word  
Broke from the three, one thought their bosoms  
stirred—

“’Tis Rudolf!”—Like an arrow Madelene  
Sprung down to meet him. Garmented in green  
Was the rough path, with ferns and larches stooping  
Gracefully o’er, and with the evening drooping,  
Declining off to rest. And at the base  
There stood the well-known form, with travel’s trace  
Fresh on his person. O’er his noble brow  
Spread the brown curls in wavy masses, low  
Falling adown his cheeks, sunburnt, and browned  
By exercise, while Health with blessings crowned  
The starting life.—Just such a face we see  
In treasured sculptures of the deity  
Of manly beauty. Firm his step and free,

As ever that of the wild hart in spring,  
When morning dawns and dew-gemmed copses ring.  
She ran to meet him. "Ah! my Madelene,  
The first home face that I for days have seen :  
How art thou, sister ? Days an age appear  
When absence shades, and only hope can cheer  
Onward their course. 'Tis but six days since here  
I said 'Farewell,' and yet, it seems a year!"  
He smiled and kissed her. Her blue eyes were wet,  
The bright love tears were shining in them yet ;  
Not tears of grief, but of sweet hope, and pleasure,  
And youthful love, life's truest, rarest, treasure.  
His too were bright, but 'twas a different source  
Yielded his joy. His home-affection's force  
Struck on his heart. Slowly, and side-by-side,  
They climbed the pathway by the streamlet's tide,  
And hearty was the welcome. Absence proves  
The eager whetstone to all thorough loves !  
Till the damp shades of evening 'gan to pass  
In weirdly wavelets on the dewy grass,

The soft night air began to whisper still,  
And evening's breeze the quiet earth to chill,  
And high in heaven calmly moved, among  
The bright-attendant beauties of her throng,  
The silver moon, and cast a purer light,  
Than that which cheers the day, to greet the  
night,

They sat there talking, nor unmoved arose  
To leave the twilight, and to seek repose.

"Art thou not coming, Rudolf?"

"Not awhile ;

I fain would stay and watch the heaven's smile.  
'Tis such a moonlight as is rarely seen,  
So fair and sweet. Good night, my Madelene."  
There is some strange and undefined power  
Steals on us in the silent moonlit hour :  
Never such thoughts flit 'cross the human brain,  
As when the eye beholds the silver train  
Rising in heaven, as the daylight wanes,  
And earth, devoid of light, save theirs, remains.—

There is a wonder working influence,  
That seems to lull to rest each burdened sense ;  
To some on earth that time is Heaven's curse,  
Then, rather than in day-time, crimes seem worse ;  
That quiet and unflick'ring lamp on high  
Seems an e'er-present and omniscient eye  
To mark their sins. Though bright day's sun-  
beams fall,  
The hour of moonlight rules above them all ;  
For solitude is strong, and with it brings  
A wholesome longing after higher things ;  
Thoughts above earthly musings o'er us steal,  
And teach the soul to live, to love, to feel,  
Feel for the future, finer, truer aims  
Than those we seek, when earth the bosom claims !

And Rudolf left the house, and strode along  
Humming the while the burden of a song,  
A favourite.—Below, the forest stood,  
The topmost branches silvered with the flood



Of pouring rays ; the depths were dark as night,  
Looming out blacker for the whitening light  
Which played upon the tree-tops. Rudolf stayed  
His step upon the hill. "Night is arrayed,"  
He murmured to himself, "in beauteous sheen ;  
What art could ever hope to match this scene  
Of Nature's handiwork ?" and for a time  
He stood there rapt, until the distant chime  
Rang from the village ; t'wards the wood he turned,  
A strange light in his eyes there sudden burned.  
He reached the forest and in quickly went,  
Cared not for darkness in his passion's bent ;  
So he but had the guerdon of *her* love,  
Cared not for stars, nor wished a moon above ;  
Her eyes served for his stars, he wished no more,  
If she but loved him and all doubts were o'er ;  
She was his light ; to stand those boughs beneath,  
And hear the whispers of her bated breath,  
Was joy too great for utterance !—The trees  
Were gemm'd with dewdrops, and the evening breeze

Wafted them down upon his face, like rain  
Refreshing the dry earth. The dim-heard strain  
Of summer music, on the balmy air  
Rose sweetly soft, like childhood's early prayer  
Wakes echoes in the heart. The journey seemed  
Short (though 'twas long) until the moonlight  
gleamed  
Through the tall trees, he reached the well-known  
glade,  
And folded in one long embrace the maid!

“ Ah! Leah, Leah, do I now behold  
Thy darling face? Can it be true I hold  
Thy gentle form clasped in my longing arms,  
And see once more the star that bids me live,  
Gaze fondly on the beauty of thy charms,  
And all my feelings in that love-look give?  
Leah, my own, lift up thy welcome face,  
Let me but gaze on thee, and gaze again,  
Let thy dear presence from my bosom chase

All that of aught save thee doth there remain.”  
She parted back her long dishevelled hair  
And clung to him ; he stooped to raise her head,  
She gazed up at him, and no *doubt* was there,—  
In Rudolf’s arms, what though she lay there dead !  
“ Oh Rudolf ! ” was the only word she spoke,  
Yet that one word within his bosom woke  
A stronger spur to urge his spirit on  
T’wards honour’s barrier ; his soul was won  
By hers ; two bodies, but the souls were one.  
One long-long look,—he strained her to his breast  
In a sweet kiss.—How pure with all its zest  
Is a first kiss of love ! before the tide  
Of sorrow’s torrents o’er the bosom glide.

I may not seek to tell that hour of love ;  
’Twas perfect happiness, as that above.  
The first outpouring of their ardent youth,  
By heaven nursed, and fed by streams of truth,  
Before the weight of falsehood on them lay

To darken life and hasten joy away!  
Before the curtain of the world could rise,  
And show its baseness to those tender eyes!  
Though reared in sorrow, never had she seen  
The gulf of dark despair which lies between  
The happiness of youth and cares of age,  
When Time has turned for aye his brightest page.

Long stood they there, beneath the beech's shade,  
Joy at their meeting still their steps delayed:  
They could not tear themselves apart, their dream  
Was in its earliest stage, the golden gleam  
Of hope's bright sunshine, tinged with fairest hue  
Their minds' delight, and all the time that passed  
Seemed but too short, for love is sweet to view,  
And love,—*love* reigned, too happy long to last.  
He took her to him. "Leah, Leah mine,  
Thou know'st I love, and that I would resign  
All that I have of wealth for thy sweet sake,  
All ties of love, save thine alone, would break,

Cast all to earth, and willingly lay down  
My future hopes of peace, and wear the crown  
Of poverty with thee, though 'tis a task,  
Heaven grant, uncalled for yet. To-night I ask  
My father's blessing on the beauteous bride  
That thou shalt be when at thy Rudolf's side.  
I ask his blessing, but if he refuse  
To grant it to me, ere the kindly dews  
Of four successive nights have kissed the world,  
My filial duty to the winds is hurl'd;  
Leaving behind dark persecution's blight,  
We'll seek those lands whose faith is sunn'd in  
light,

Not, by the superstitions of a creed,  
Which scouts all others, darkened, which may lead  
To whole extinction of itself. Ah! no,  
Heaven grants *some* blessings to its sons below.  
We have the power, and have we not the will,  
To live together in those blessings still?  
My Leah, thou wilt come, thou wilt not stay

Thy steps to follow mine ? Say, darling, say !”  
Gazing upon her with an anxious eye,  
Yet doubting not, he waited her reply.  
But Leah’s face was troublous, and her soul  
Was racked by fears, as when some dreaded shoal,  
Or rock, out-bristles from the billowy sea,  
Filling a frail boat’s crew with agony  
Half-rapt in doubt. So in a strange amaze  
She fixed on Rudolf a long earnest gaze.  
“ Ah me,” she said, “ can it be right that I  
Should leave my brethren in their poverty ?  
Because my heart has nursed a deeper love,  
Should that all pity from my breast remove ?  
Heaven whispers to me now ‘ Love is a gem  
Brighter than any monarch’s diadem ;’  
But even love may lose the gentle force  
Which is its surest safe-guard, and remorse  
Would weigh me down, if for a transient flame  
I left my people to their dole and shame.  
Pity me, Heaven ! I have ever been

Their only guardian thro' each troublous scene,  
None but myself hath searched to bring them food,  
(Although to bind me, are no ties of blood),  
None but myself will ever seek to bring  
To them the comfort in their sorrowing,  
They can but languish in their misery,  
Briefly, and bitterly, before they die."  
But as she spoke she saw the anger rise,  
Flushing his cheek and brightening his eyes.  
"And speak'st thou thus? Thou'lt not leave them  
for me,  
Who would lay down all, everything for thee;  
Thou ne'er hast loved me!"

"Ah! what may I do?

Each cloud seems darker than the last in hue!  
Whate'er I do, my heart's tense chords must break  
For theirs, my brethren, or for his dear sake!  
'Cursèd be he that leads the blind aside!  
Yet I desert them, blind and sick beside;  
I thought that Love was all in all, yet still

Love cannot of itself sweet peace instil  
To my sad, doubting, heart. Rudolf, forbear  
Those angry accents, for I cannot bear  
That *thou* shouldst turn against me !”

“ Thou wilt come ?

And seek with me in other lands a home ;  
Say that thou wilt.”

“ Kind Heaven, hear my prayer !

I cannot, cannot leave him, let their share  
Of trouble fall on me, hear and forgive !  
With deadened heart, where is the boon to live ?  
I cannot leave thy side, e'en did I choose,  
'Tis wrong I know, still can I not refuse.  
Yet,”—and her voice grew lower as she spoke,  
Her towering form a passing tremor shook,  
“ Rudolf, beware ! I love thee, love thee well,  
Far more than thou canst ever dream or tell  
In thy heart's visions, and I say, *Beware !*  
Thou know'st my race, thou knowest that I bear  
The nature of my sires within my breast,



An endless nature, never seeking rest ;  
Ah, rouse it not, that heart, now all thine own,  
If it thou would'st abandon or disown,  
Would change its love to hate !—Oh, pledge to me  
Thy Christian honour as a surety,  
Never to leave the hapless girl to mourn,  
Cursing the day and hour when she was born.  
I doubt thee not, for doubt lives not in love,  
It means but hate, and He who lives above  
Fosters not mingled passion. For thy sake  
I would keep silence, but, Rudolf, forsake  
Me *never, never* !”

“ Calm thy anxious mind,  
Think not in love that I am left behind :  
If I should lose you, *lose*, ill-omened word !  
I dare not speak of loss ! 'twere better heard  
As death in soul and heart. What I have spoken  
To thee in life, ne'er can or shall be broken :  
Ne'er dread my falseness or my perjury,  
For I must perish while forsaking thee !”

Her eyes were tearful, yet withal she smiled ;  
“ What, weeping still ? Thou must not be beguiled  
To doubt me, Leah. Now, farewell ! ” How soon  
Comes the remorseless hour which separates  
Hopes radiant with Life’s sunny summer noon,  
While yet in vain, unknown, dark sorrow waits.  
They clasped each other in a long embrace,  
Heart pressed to heart, face gazing upon face !  
How sweet that moment, yet, how quickly past !  
Delirious in love while it did last,  
Seemed a sweet Paradise, with all its bliss,  
The fervid ardour of that mutual kiss !  
A moment passed, and he she loved had gone,  
In that dark forest glade she stood, alone !  
Ah ! ever thus do pleasures yield to woes,  
The sharpest thorn lurks ’neath the fairest rose ;  
The fruits which grow on Zoar’s barren waste  
Please but the eye and wither in the taste :  
Eternity of pleasure, free from care,  
Exists in Heaven, and only, only *there* !

She started timidly. "Is he not here?  
Hush, fluttering heart, what ill hast thou to fear?  
Adieu, my Rudolf; cease to love thee? Never!  
In life, in death, I'm thine, all thine for ever!"

## Canto XXX.



THE night fast waned, and wrapped in  
quiet sleep  
The villagers were resting : silence deep  
Reigned o'er the farms. A distant convent bell  
Far borne on stillness over hill and dell,  
Chiming the midnight, was the only sound  
(And that but faint) which broke the calm around.  
In the sweet happiness of rest enclosed,  
The wearied heads upon the couch reposed ;  
Banished all thoughts of evil through the day,  
And all dull shades of sadness chased away.  
And darkness closed upon the Styrian plains,  
The myriad stars were shining in the sky :  
Ah ! night brings rest, and peace its power regains

When balmy sleep lulls off each aching eye.  
Yes, night was beauteous, when the shadows spread  
Their veil but as a background to the scene;  
The mountain sides were silent as the dead,  
And quiet reigned where lately toil had been.  
When all the land grew hushed by slow degrees,  
The birds and nature's voice, alike, were still,  
And all was silent, save the whispering breeze,  
Or the soft plashing of the mountain rill.  
And o'er the farm of Lorrenz the dark wing  
Of night hung low :—the air had ceased to ring  
With the young hum of voices, and the street  
Was silent from the lately frequent feet—  
A quiet homestead, with its well-thatched roof,  
Seeming to bid all trouble keep aloof :  
Warm, snugly built, and seeming as 'twould say,  
“Come, Winter, roar your loudest, many a day  
I've housed the wanderer from your biting cold,  
When your rude blasts about my windows roll'd  
Showers of hurtling sleet. Come, come, old friend,

Your utmost energies against me bend,  
Try if 'twill shake my rafters!" Many a year  
That farm had stood, until it had grown dear,  
Linked with the memory of days gone by,  
To the rude masses of the peasantry.  
When life declines, and faded is its morn,  
Love we not still the place where we were born?  
Though separate from it, still we ne'er forgot  
The treasured features of the well-known spot;  
In dreams, the visions of our youth again  
Pass dimly mirror'd o'er the sleeping brain,  
Like some sweet lyre, tuned to ancient lays,  
Throb in the heart the chords of other days;  
Ah! what earned treasure would we freely give,  
In youth and carelessness again to live!

Night waned, and soon emerging from the wood,  
Upon the silent threshold Rudolf stood.  
Awhile he hesitated; on the die  
His future life, his being seemed to lie.

And yet why did he fear ? Surely 'twas right  
That man should love, where man his vows did  
    plight :

Love is of heaven, it springeth not of earth,  
Our world is far too sinful for its birth  
When 'tis a virtue, and had his not thriven  
The stronger for its purity, not riven  
Asunder by the power that made it spring,  
Uplifting love on fancy's buoyant wing ?

He entered quietly and crossed the hall,  
But stood awhile before a close shut door,  
And looked back. Weirdly did the moonbeams  
    fall

Upon the surface of the shining floor.  
"The time has come at last. It waxes late,  
The hour approaching will decide our fate ;  
My heart misgives me, and a dark, dark cloud  
Is slowly clasping life as with a shroud."  
And then, as one who wanders in his sleep

He turned and entered. Oh! strange feelings  
creep

Over the stoutest of us when we know  
The crisis comes, of happiness or woe,  
The turning point of life, perhaps for care,  
Ending at last in that black gulf,—despair!  
Old Lorrenz mark'd the change. “Rudolf, my  
son,

What ails thee? tell me, for I am the one  
By right should know thy thoughts.”—But then he  
gazed

On his hot-pleading son, speechless, amazed,  
As he proceeded with his tale of love—  
Told how his joy on earth, and e'en above,  
Was centred in another; with one soul  
They lived, they loved, no power could control  
The spirit's yearning, and no force could sever  
The love of hearts which bideth on for ever.  
Told how he lived for her, and her alone,  
How but *her* image filled his bosom's throne:



Told of the vows that never must be broken,  
The burning accents, dearer heard than spoken ;  
The restless longing of the anxious heart,  
To bid its troubles and its gloom depart ;  
How that his love for her alone remained,  
Ne'er to be ended or to be restrained.  
His father looked at him, and deadly white  
Grew the old face, in nameless, fearful dread :  
He lost all consciousness ; his voice, his sight  
Faded beneath the cloud that o'er them sped.  
Still Rudolf, lost in his own love, but felt  
That fate with him had coldly, hardly, dealt,  
Until a long, low cry escaped the lips  
Of the old man ; he sank upon the floor,  
(As dims the sun behind the moon's eclipse,)  
One cry escaped—but Rudolf's tale was o'er.  
The silver head lay death-like at his feet,  
Bowed by the sudden tidings.—Who can meet,  
Without a pang, the tale which ruins hopes  
Cherished for years ? who is't with misery copes ?

Wrecked were the dreams Lorrenz had fondly  
nourished,

Blighted in bud before the blossom flourished !

He e'er had longed that he might live to see

Rudolf and Madelene in unity,

As well of body as of soul. Yet this,

This woman was to dash the cup of bliss

(But hardly tasted) from the rightful hand,

As her own due, and at her harsh command

His son must be her instrument ! 'Tis hard !

Yet ever thus life is from bliss debarred.

Few, few there are, to whom, beneath the roses

Pain never lurks, or every scene discloses

A panorama than the one before

Brighter far brighter, to life's utmost shore

Widely extending : No, no, 'tis in Heaven

Such never-failing springs of joy are given ;

Earth knows them not !—The purple grape is

pressed,

With costliest viands may the board be dressed,

Yet, how can we, the creatures of an hour,  
Grasp fully all Fate round us deigns to shower !  
When prizes seem the nearest, *then beware*,  
They may be farthest from our touch, and ere  
We can o’ertake them, years have flitted fast,  
What present *was*, is *now* the mournful past !

He rushed to raise his father ; in his arms  
He bore him up, his breast with dire alarms  
Convulsive shook. “ Oh ! God, can he be dead ?  
Father, look up ! Heav’ns ! can his soul have sped  
With grief at me ? Have *I* this trouble brought ? ”  
His heart beat wildly at the very thought !  
“ Ho, Madelena, Friedrich, hasten here,  
My Father dies ! ” A chilling, numbing fear  
Crept o’er his bosom, and again he bowed  
Over his sire. Again he cried aloud,  
“ Help, hither, help. ” Pale was the old man’s cheek,  
Parted the lips, as though about to speak,  
Corpse-like the form, and the wild-staring eye

Fixed, terror-like, on utter vacancy.  
So suddenly he fell, the feeble stream  
Of life slow wandered o'er the well-worn way.  
This awful moment was a life-long dream,  
To live to Rudolf till his dying day !  
The household flocked in, terrified ; they saw  
The old man lying, senseless, on the floor,  
As if down-smitten by some sudden blow ;  
And o'er him, pale with pain, and bending low,  
Rudolf his son. With one short gasping cry  
Knelt Madelena at his side ; her eye  
Looked wildly round, and caught as at a glance  
All the deep secret of that death-like trance.  
“ Kind God, Rudolf, what is it ails thy sire ?  
Lower thy shoulder, raise the body higher !  
Quick, servants, bear him ! Life is nearly gone,  
Use utmost haste, convey him to his room !  
All we can do, let it be quickly done,  
Lest this deep swoond but herald forth the tomb.  
Hark ! heard you not that deep, half stifled, moan,

Delay may prove it his last dying groan !”  
Silent they raised him, heavy fell his head,  
Slowly they bore him, corpse-like, to his bed ;  
The door closed on them, waned away the sound  
Of heavy footsteps on the planks around :  
Still Rudolf stood there, silent and alone,  
Passive his face, as chiselled out of stone ;  
He saw them bear that senseless form away,  
He saw how stiff and leaden-like it lay,  
He heard their footsteps die away, he heard  
Poor Madelena’s last despairing word ;  
Yet could not move, his heart was bowed to earth,  
Weighed down with care, he felt no more could  
    mirth

Lie in his footsteps, never more could lend  
A smiling welcome to him, never send  
Comfort to heal his sorrow, or to make  
A stilling comfort to the source of woe ;  
His heart throbbed high as if about to break,  
His lip but quivered and no tear could flow.

Oh! when on those our hearts are bound to love  
Affliction falls, then is the time to prove  
The deepness of affection; he who knows,  
But cannot feel, their sorrows and their woes,  
Cannot in spirit echo back each groan,  
Harbour each pang, as if it were his own,  
He loves them not; while bright the path appears  
Love's track seems easy too, but when with tears  
The flower is watered, then's the hour which tries  
The perfect depth of all our sympathies,  
The sterling value of the sacrifice  
We would make for them. When all joys are  
hurl'd

Far from our homes, and but the cruel world  
Opens upon us, then love's power grows faint  
Unless 'tis born of truth, each care's restraint  
Adds a fresh item to the soul's complaint.

But round the sick man's bed there ever hovered  
An angel, who with guardian pinions covered

Him from all tact of harm ; she whom he loved,  
His Madelena, like a daughter proved,  
So constant was her watchfulness, and he,  
Who wrought all this of harm unknowingly,  
Though crushed with doubt was the poor burdened  
mind,  
In love, in duty, was not left behind.

For days he lay 'twixt life and death suspended,  
Upon an hour's turn his fate depended ;  
But oh, it was a harrowing sight to view  
The stricken form, the face's ghastly hue !  
The fear that haunted every passing breath,  
Lest that should prove forerunner of his death !  
And when, at last, the watchers joyed to see  
The welcome end of their anxiety,  
What tears of happiness were silent wept,  
When first released from pain, at rest, he slept !  
" Where is my son," he asked, when first he came  
Beyond death's reach, and at the mentioned name

Rudolf arose, from where, since that sad day,  
He e'er himself had stationed, there to stay  
Till Death relieved his father's suffering,  
Or Health returned with blessing-bearing wing.  
Nor would he leave his father since that hour,  
But staid beside the bed, as if fear's power  
Held whole dominion over him. His face  
Was worn and pale, dull shades began to chase  
That smile which eye was loved, and leave instead  
A pond'rous weight to burden down his head;  
And those who saw the look hope could not quell,  
Sighed as they murmured, "Yes, he loved him  
well!"

When Lorrenz saw his son, and marked how sad  
He seemèd now, wondered what ailed the lad,  
But then outflashed the memory of that tale  
Which he had heard; and oh! could nought assail  
His son's rash promise? Would that *she* had  
perished,



Before she wrecked what he most fondly cherished !  
And yet, though bitter was the cup to drink,  
Perhaps 'twas better that his hopes should sink  
Than Rudolf's : though 'twas hard, 'twas very hard  
His life-long dream should from him be debarred !  
—They tried to silence him ; he would not hear  
Their whispered counsels and their loving fear,  
Or heeded not, “ Rudolf, my son,” he said :  
“ I do forgive thee, though would I were dead !  
I blame thee not, since Heaven wills it so,  
But never deed had such a troop of woe  
To follow it ! Hearken ! Thou'rt on the brink  
Of a deep abyss ; pause or thou must sink  
Beneath its surface.” Rudolf turned away,  
He could not, dared not, listen to such speech ;  
“ Father ! ah, speak not so ; there's but one way  
Could suit me now, and 'tis beyond my reach !”  
“ Thou lov'st her, Rudolf, well !”

“ I do, I do !

My heart would break if e'er we bade adieu,

No more, no more to meet in love again ;  
Shut from each other by the strongest chain  
That e'er could sever, or could draw apart  
The fond, fond wishes of a mutual love.  
As from the frost-bound earth the flowrets start,  
They only sleep till summer can remove  
The hardened covering which o'er them lies,  
And bid them bud their beauties and arise—  
So never can the biting frost of years  
Destroy a true affection's fadeless root,  
Held back, not smothered, soon real love appears,  
With brightest blossoms, and with fairest fruit.  
I know her nature and my own ; I know  
Her strength of character, which midst the woe,  
The ocean woe of poverty, could stand  
Unharm'd by sin, nor bowed to crime's command."  
" Hush, Rudolf, hush ! I see thou lov'st her well,  
But ah ! I dread her love is not the same ;  
Sudden affection oft is infidel,  
Blazes a moment, and then fades the flame.

She does not love thee as thou shouldst be loved,  
She loves thee never as thou lovest her ;  
The shallow flick'ring ne'er has yet been proved,  
Prove it to me"—

    "—Father, no envious slur  
Asperse her with ; the very depths of shame  
May close o'er mine, but never o'er her name !  
She is as loving as she seems, and true  
Beyond the last grand boundary of truth :  
Deceit e'er mantles in a gloomy hue,  
Easily pierced, the lies which in our youth  
We utter. Ah ! if ever thou hadst seen  
Her fair young face, in all its love serene,  
Thou wouldst not, couldst not doubt her ! Name  
    thy test,

I yield with pride unto thy poor request !"

"The proof is this, my son. The Jewish race,  
Once throned so high, tho' fallen from their place,  
Have lost with rank, their hearts ;—they have  
    grown cold,

Callous, by reason of the waves that rolled  
So hardly o'er them.—Stay thy passion yet,  
List to my words, and never them forget.  
Oh! think not Rudolf, that she loves as I  
Love thee, my son, her race would e'er belie  
Such thought as that. Perchancesome passing flame  
Has lent a radiance to her hollow heart,  
Raising the head from depths of sorrow's shame,  
Deeper to sink when the false hopes depart:  
Try her with gold; if she accept the pelf,  
'Tis proof she loves thy money,—not thyself.  
I feel 'tis true, my inmost heart misgives  
The shade of avarice within her lives;  
I doubt her, Rudolf, doubt her for thy sake;  
Better it were thy ardent heart should break  
In baring all the truth, than leave behind  
Some cloud to shade the sunshine of the mind.”—  
—“ Father, no more! I can endure no longer,  
With all thy warnings, fate grows stronger,  
stronger.”—

"If she were proved false to thee, wouldst thou cast  
Her off?"

"Ay, if that moment were my last:  
It ne'er will come; those lips too young to grieve  
O'er hidden sorrow, never could deceive,  
Whilst even smiling! Father, never more  
Looks life for me as life has looked before;  
Joy is too happy, and too sweet, to stay,  
'Tis scarcely found, when it must fade away!"  
Old Lorrenz spoke: "Thou dost accept the test?"  
"I do in hope; and when her love confessed  
Stands clear as heaven before the storm clouds  
lower"—

"Then, then, my son, within that very hour  
Thou hast my blessing on thy Jewish bride,  
Nor even custom shall you twain divide."  
With sudden joy sprang Rudolf to his feet,  
With eager tones the welcome sound to greet,  
Heaved high his breast, as though the current  
strong

Of love fast coursing all his veins among,  
Danced in its glee to find his hopes so near  
To be fulfilled, nor any shade of fear  
Darkened fond hope, nor dashed its pride from  
          where

It sat enshrined, nor any thoughts of care  
Dulled his delight. Breathless with joy he turned,  
And all his nature with emotion burned.  
Old Lorrenz smiled upon his son's wild glee,  
Though numbed his heart was by anxiety.  
"Stay yet, my son, the test is not applied ;  
'Tis time to boast when once it has been tried  
And proved but useless. Bid thy longing stay  
All fond desires, and wait a crowning day  
To all its dreams, however wide their scope ;  
Hope not too much, lest truth fulfil not hope!"

The entry rang with sounds of coming tread ;  
"Is't Madelene?" old Lorrenz quickly said ;  
And at the mention of her name he grew

Brighter, his face's pale and weakly hue  
Heightened in colour. 'Twas with all the same,  
The oldest, dullest, smiled to hear her name.  
Oh! she was well-beloved indeed by all :  
Like ivy twines around the lichen'd wall,  
So round all hearts had Madelena thrown  
Her silken fetters ; and they were her own ;  
The oldest father and the youngest lad  
Looked for her face, and seeing it were glad.  
This is a love above all common loves :  
General affection e'er the spirit proves  
Worthy its homage, and fair Madelene  
Was of each village heart the pride and queen !

They entered, two new comers, and the door  
Was quickly closed. The maiden was before,  
But following in her track behind, there came  
One of a crafty look, and with a frame  
Strangely proportioned, one whose lowering brows  
Coldly repelled. 'Tis rare that mortal shows

Such cunning villainy, as seemed to lie  
Within the twinkle of his quick black eye.  
'Twas the schoolmaster Bertolf. He had been  
(Tales went) in many a foreign clime ; had seen  
(Perhaps partaken in) full many a deed  
Of murder, piracy, rapine and greed.  
But now for fifteen years he here had stayed,  
His reformation had not been delayed.

Though calm the face, and fair the form without,  
The heart oft feels a shrinking dread and doubt  
Of something nameless, that the spell-bound gaze  
Sees not, yet seems to see ; we cannot raise  
The burden of suspicion from the heart,  
We cannot bid the chilling fears depart ;  
We know the man who is to work us ill,  
We disregard it, but we dread him still.  
There is an awful *something* in his look  
Or mien, that shows, as in a plain-writ book,  
All that he fain would hide or smother down



Beneath the semblance of a smile or frown ;  
We know, we see the heart that lies within,  
In every deed we trace the hidden sin.  
The man of guilt and crime can thus be known,  
He understands all minds, except his own !  
He may outstrip the slur upon his fame,  
Yet in our hearts we all can see his shame.  
We laugh at prejudice and say, " Did he  
Make his own face ? It is but vanity  
To turn against a fellow man, because  
His features come not under beauty's laws."  
Yet, prejudice not wholly. Love we know  
Springs at first sight, affection cannot grow  
By reason of long-sufferance, and thus  
Hate also springs. When first there comes to us  
A seeming warning, then we should beware,  
Our life-time's bane and pestilence stands where  
The spirit's warning points, and we should strive  
Against his wiles, if we in peace would live.

They talked in pairs;—Rudolf and Madelene,  
Bertolf and Lorrenz, and these two between  
The speech was urgent, till the old man broke  
The almost silence, and to Rudolf spoke :  
“ Bertolf, my son, will seek this maid to-night ;  
(’Tis better past,) thou, if it seemeth right,  
Must now direct him, for thou know’st the way  
To where these infidels at present stay.  
Is’t not so, Bertolf?” And he turned his head ;  
The other bowed, and to the young man said—  
“ Tell me the way, and I will hasten now,  
And e’en return before the moon is low.”  
But Rudolf rose, and with a feverish look  
Gazed on his face ; his trembling bosom shook  
With love and hope. “ ’Tis the old ruined hut :  
Thou know’st the way ; but, Bertolf, do not shut  
Thy heart against these fellow-men of thine,  
Do not be harsh to her who will be mine :  
Trust not thine own speed when she spurns the  
gold,

Send some fleet messenger, who can unfold  
The tidings of refusal sooner, and  
Softens the harshness of my sire's command."

But when without the threshold Bertolf stood,  
A secret terror seemed to chill his blood :  
Still suddenly some fancy seemed to rise  
Within his mind, and in his deep-set eyes  
There burned a lurid light, and all the face  
Seemed darkened by fell purposes, no trace  
Of mercy brightened it. "Heav'n, art thou blind  
To favour thus the hater of his kind,  
*The poor Apostate Jew!* This money fans  
The glowing embers of my deep-laid plans.  
What! have I toiled for twenty years that these  
Accursèd Jews should rob me of mine ease?  
It shall not be, or I have borne in vain  
The toil of years to win a home again.  
Now, God of Jacob—Ah! recall the name  
That shows my origin, my former shame.

God of us Christians, help me now to bend  
These Jews beneath the yoke, lest I descend  
By their means to their level." With this prayer  
Upon his impious lips he turned to share  
The darkness of the groves. And now he ran  
From farm to farm, and many a sturdy man  
Came at his bidding, for 'twas Styrian creed  
That Jewish woe by Heaven had been decreed ;  
So came they quickly, and most hearts could feel  
Some slight experience of fanatic zeal ;  
And blame them not, for where the priests hold  
    sway,

The peasants dream that darkness is noon-day ;  
Fixed in belief, those laws they grant alone  
Made by the *priests*, and for whose good ? *their*  
    *own.*

So Styria's peasants thought 'twas good and right  
To slay the Jews, earth's pestilence and blight ;  
They knew no better, 'twas a holy cause,  
They thought, and following their Maker's laws.

Poor fools ! as though 'twould please a God of grace,  
That one should slay the fellows of his race !  
Well known the path was, and they tracked their  
way

In the dark gloom, as though 'twere brightest day,  
Through the tall nodding groves of verdant trees,  
By the closed flowers, where the wearied bees  
Enhived lay sleeping, where the harebells blue  
Dotted the earth with spots of freshest hue ;  
Until they saw the silver moonbeams darting  
Upon the ruined rafters, while departing  
On either side ranged the dense wood, imparting  
A back ground, grand and gloomy. Far away  
Those leafy giants stretched ; ne'er e'en in day  
Did sunshine creep to light the deep-drawn shade  
Of woody solitude ; now o'er them played  
The calmer splendour of the myriad stars  
Studding the deep blue sky, the only bars  
Between our earth and heav'n. A star's a gem,  
Meet but to grace a Saviour's diadem !

There was the shed, beneath whose ruined roof,  
Were housed the outcasts, banned, and cast aloof  
From all their fellow-kind, because their faith  
Was cursed beyond all other, and whose death  
Was fated to be harsher ; there they lay,  
Unconscious of the parts they were to play  
In the approaching drama, while without  
Waited their cruel foes, they did not doubt,  
For e'en one instant, Providence ; within,  
The hearts were pure, without, were dark with sin.  
Yes, yes, 'twas true ! Though harsh might be the  
lot

Of those poor souls, who dwelt in that sad spot,  
Though scorned by all, and driv'n from land to  
land,

With fiery scourges, and chastising hand,  
Theirs was a nobler nature, and more true  
Than theirs who had but ruthlessness in view.  
Yes ! though far fallen from his mighty place,  
The Jew could scorn the scorers of his race !

Then Bertolf entered. "Jews, come forth!" he  
said ;

The summons once repeated, and a head  
Silvered with age and with the snows of time  
Peeped forth, astonished, from the open door.  
"Who hails the outcasts in this hostile clime ?  
May not the Jews *die* on their tabued floor ?"  
And forth there tottered, doubtful in his gait,  
Blind Abram, and toward the open gate  
He strained his sightless eyes. "I called, come  
forth !

Where is the Jewess Leah ?"

"She went forth  
Not half-an-hour syne ; 'twould be a task  
To find her now ; but—wherefore dost thou ask ?"  
And then a look of ill-disguisèd fear  
Crept on the old man's face. "She is not here."  
The words seemed comfort, as if Heaven would  
say,

"From present ill thy darling is away."

But over Bertolf's countenance there fell  
A look of triumph, triumph dark as hell ;  
The path seemed easier ; she was away,  
She whom he dreaded most, and he might pay  
The guerdon to her parents, who for gold  
Would may-be reckon not her truth was sold.  
So far, the plot seemed brighter than before ;  
Now for the trial ; all would soon be o'er.  
" I seek no ill, list here. Ye must not stay  
Here in this neighbourhood one further day,  
Or death awaits you."

" Who threats us with death ?"

Said a weak voice, " we fear it not ; the wreath  
Of mourning flowers cannot distant be,  
Years have elapsed since death could frighten  
me."

Quick Bertolf turned, and by his side he saw  
Deborah standing. " 'Tis the country's law :  
Now hearken both, and as ye hear, obey.  
I waste not words, nor, what I mean delay ;



If you remain here, persecution waits  
Your sojourn, death stands eager in the gates  
Ready to seize you ; you must not remain  
Here longer, or all prayers will be in vain.  
Choose this, or go. Ye see this purse I hold,  
Heavy it feels, 'tis stocked with shining gold ;  
This, if you go, is yours.—I am your friend,  
I counsel you. Harshly your fortunes tend,  
In this cold land ; evil the lot to bear,  
Many the sorrows and the woes to share ;  
Be warned in time, and go.” With glistening eyes  
Started the Jewess, and in glad surprise—  
“Thanks, worthy sir, we will ; may Heaven send  
Its choicest blessings on the poor man’s friend !  
Gladly we thank thee.”

“ Deborah, stay awhile,”

Cried suddenly old Abram, and a smile  
Of bitter scorn passed o’er the wrinkled brow.  
“ It must be he, and yet, how different now !”  
For on the patriarch’s memory flashed again

A wide cathedral, where the anthem's strain  
Was pealing grandly, and amidst the choir  
Was one sweet voice amongst all others higher ;  
This voice rolled onward, dream-like, till he knew  
The owner was within an eye-sight's view ;  
And forth there seemed to flash upon his mind,  
The deep-laid treachery which lurked behind  
This outward show of mercy, and his face  
Grew paler. " Hold, as Heaven gives me grace,  
I know the voice of him who speaks to thee,  
A voice long since forgotten, but by me.  
'Tis Nathan ! Nathan !"

Livid grew the look  
Of the Apostate, and with fear he shook,  
Lest those without might hear. " Curse on thy  
tongue ;  
Man, keep thou silence !" Yet the courtyard rung  
With strife of tongues. " As there's a God in  
Heaven,  
I know thee Nathan, recreant ; and is given

Almost my sight to me. Hast thou forgot  
The synagogue of Presburg—well I wot  
Thou know'st the place where thou wert wont to  
stand,

And sing thy praises at the Priest's right hand."

As a wild famished wolf when hunger bites  
His every sense, and dainty prey invites  
An easy capture, with a desperate bound  
Bertolf sprang on him, forced him to the ground :  
" Silence, I say ! my heart thou knowest well,  
I love the present more than heaven or hell !"  
" Ah, murder ! Help !" groaned Abram.—  
" Take it then !"

One short half sob escaped, and all again  
Was silent ; stretched upon the dewy sward  
Lay the still corpse, and gazed up to the sky ;  
Drawn stiff the face, for he had struggled hard,  
Open and glassy was the dead man's eye.  
As on the ground the murdered victim fell  
Bertolf sprang up, as stricken by some spell ;

And now, as though the sky itself was riven,  
Rolled one loud roar of thunder, and the heaven  
Was lighted by a lurid flame, and then,  
Close by the body of the newly slain,  
Fell, with a crash that seemed to shake the ground,  
A thunderbolt, and all the space around  
Was filled with sulphurous vapour. Those with-  
out

Brake in the door, and in a frightened rout  
Rushed in, but when they saw that body lie,  
And marked the dreadful look in Deborah's eye,  
They stood aghast : but Bertolf slowly said,  
"The bolt destroyed him ; 'tis the Jew lies dead."  
Then they departed leaving that dark spot,  
Wondering, yet religion's zeal was hot  
Within their bosoms. 'Twas a righteous cause,  
And Heaven had slain the one who broke its laws.  
They left the spot, which erst so calm had been,  
A place of mourning, and a murder's scene.

## Canto IV.



OUR work is o'er, away, away,  
Ended is the busy day ;  
To our happy homes repair,  
Quiet peace awaits us there.

“ All things fast sink off to sleep,  
Balmy dreams the eyelids keep ;  
Thoughts the wish can ne'er control  
Pass in visions 'cross the soul.

“ Hail, to rest! beloved of all ;  
Sweet upon the spirit fall  
Thoughts of happy, happy love,  
Raise the heart to things above.

“Homeward drive the pastured flocks,  
When daylight sinks neath Lerna’s rocks,  
When the glowing orb of light  
Yields the sway to gentle night.

“Rest is pleasant after toil,  
To the children of the soil,  
And our comfort homes repay  
All the labours of the day,

“On the hills the glow is cast,  
And the sunlight dieth fast ;  
Father, grant the boon of rest,  
To each sorrow-stricken breast.”

—Such was the song that fell upon the ear  
Swelling in cadence from the grassy vale,  
Echoed in caverns where the rocks uprear  
Their lofty summits, fanned by evening’s gale.  
And down the hill-side wound a long array

Of labourers, and shepherds, wending home,  
Chanting their praises at the close of day,  
Thanks for the past and hopes for years to come.  
Round the hill's base the sheep were safely flocked,  
Whitening the verdant pass, the tiny bells  
Tinkled harmoniously as they rocked,  
And silvery music lived in those sweet dells.  
On the high hills fell fast the crimson hue  
Of parting day, the sight was fair to view ;  
And the wild melody, which still uprose,  
Lent but a charm nor broke the calm repose,  
As the rich light lit up the sky around,  
And tinged with radiance the horizon's bound.

“ Hail, sweet light, and hail to Thee,  
Ever hallowed Trinity !  
Father, grant a listening ear,  
Make thy grace a dweller here ! ”

The shepherds passed from sight; the hymn was o'er,  
And as they finished, daylight was no more,

But the grey haze of twilight dimmed the sky,  
And the white moon began her march on high,  
The hum of human voices sank away,  
All that was living rested with the day—  
Rest, happy rest, a boon indeed to earth,  
A bound to pleasure, and relief from mirth :  
Joy grows full wearisome, but silence brings  
Whispers of heaven upon its welcome wings,  
Whispers which never else may cross the mind,  
When youth and buoyancy leave thought behind  
For future age. 'Tis truly sweet to mark  
The silver moon up rise, to cheer the dark  
Expanse of sky, and lend her gentle rays,  
Not as the sun, a burst of glorious blaze  
Eclipsing all beside, but in her light  
Purer and calmer : through the summer night,  
Mellowed by distance, doth her silent face  
Gaze on the earth, and mark each secret place  
With searching eye.—For ages thou hast seen,  
Thou pale, pale moon, the changes of the scene,



And still wilt see them ! From the azure sky,  
What hast thou seen ? What has thy watching eye  
Looked down upon ? The faces of the dead  
Were known to thee : no sorrow-burdened head  
But has found respite in thy quiet hour,  
Safe from the burden of the cruel power  
Of care and misery. Oh ! what foul crimes  
Hast thou been witness of in bygone times,  
Thou silent, wondrous moon ! Cursed, and yet  
blessed

Thou art to man, thou leadest him to rest,  
Yet oft thou prov'st his bane ; that very charm  
Which sometimes shields thy follower from harm,  
May prove his downfall, if he be not ware  
Of those sweet chains, which please us but to  
snare !

Yet, when in heaven's vault thou dost appear,  
Thronged by thy brilliant satellites, all fear  
Seems quick to flee, and in the hardest breast  
Rises a *something* near akin to rest.

Evening crept on, and Lorrenz' farm was still.  
Hushed was the land, the clacking of the mill  
Had ceased. There was but one soft plaintive  
                  sound

Broke the deep stillness of the air around.  
From Lorrenz' home poured forth in saddened  
                  strain

Sweet music notes, first swelling high, again  
Down-sinking slowly ; all was still beside,  
As if the very evening sought to hide  
Its noise to catch the music, and the air  
Waved with the measured notes, and seemed to  
                  share

Their feeling. Ah, but there was bitter care  
Within that house, no joy could enter where  
Blighted was peace, nor ever more could come,  
To shed a lustre on the darkened home.  
And Rudolf was bent down. Ah, 'twas a blow  
Too heavy for a human soul to bear,  
The heart was crushed beneath its weight of woe,

Nor any gladness found a welcome there.  
It was a blow ! He thought she was not true.  
The proofs he had that she had ta'en his gold ;  
Sorely his hasty spirit did he rue,  
Her influence so strongly could him hold ;  
He tore her image from its cherished place,  
He thought of her as only of the dead,  
Sin veiled beneath the beauty of her face ;  
And care bent down the lately proud-held head !

*She* stood within the court, and the dark night  
Seemed daylight to her, where her soul's delight  
Abode ; for ne'er a doubt had crossed her mind  
But that he loved her still. Ah ! love is blind,  
And e'er is loath the first rebuke to deem  
The utter waking from its golden dream !  
Still she was wondering that she saw him not,  
This was the hour, and this the appointed spot.  
And here she waited, thinking of the time  
When he would lead her to some other clime

To live in happiness ; but yet 'twas vain  
To try to curb all thoughts, for they again  
Would e'er return, and in a murmur low,  
She wondered when himself would bid them go.  
"Strange that he comes not; 'tis the appointed  
hour :

Is beauty's curse to be my fatal dower,  
Not love for love? Never! His words were  
spoken

Too deep in truth, to rashly thus be broken!  
Why should I thus torment with fears my heart,  
Fears, that my mind doth instant bid depart.  
Is memory false? and can I e'er forget  
The words he spake to me when last we met?  
No, no, my heart!" And then the music rose  
Upon the wind. "What sorrowing strains are  
those,

Breathed as the harp feels that joy's day is o'er,  
Happiness gone, and peace, dear peace, no more."  
She left her stand, and passed beneath the wall,

(Attracted as a bird by fowler's call),  
Stood by the opened window, gazed within,  
Unseen though seeing; Madelene was there,  
A child of heaven, with heart unchilled by sin,  
Nor e'er had troubles placed their signet there;  
And Leah looked on her, and looked again  
In strange timidity, a stinging pain,  
Shot through her breast, the pain of jealousy,  
The thought that in that household, Rudolf (he  
On whom she built her being) dwelt to all  
Temptations open; and he, he might fall  
An easy victim to them, and might leave  
Her heart bereft, and cause her soul to grieve  
O'er that which once had blessed it. But she bade  
The thoughts far from her breast. "They must  
not fade

My soul's bright dreams; I will not think that he  
Could doom my heart to such deep misery,  
As must prey on it, if *his* heart grew cold,  
And turned away from me; love's gentle mould

Must leave a firmer impress : but one light  
Shines o'er my pathway, through the long, long  
night,

And 'tis my love ; 'tis love that grants me peace  
From care, from sin, and bids e'en sorrow cease  
Its toilsome round."—Long time stood Leah there  
Waiting for Rudolf, and alternate share  
Had in her bosom hope, and chilly fear ;  
Hope, every instant, that he would appear  
To bless her sight ; fear, lest he might delay,  
Perchance forget, to come ; unmeaning stay  
Her stream of happiness. The shadows grew  
Longer and darker, and the varying hue  
Climbed higher, higher ; still he never came,  
And icy pangs shot through her gentle frame,  
Breathing she knew not what, a feeling strange  
As yet to her, beyond th' untutored range  
Of her young mind. Doubt doth not live with  
love,

Yet doubt will oft sincere affection prove.

A remedy, though harsh, will sometimes give  
An end to pain, which otherwise would strive  
Against the heart, till both alike must fall,  
And deep forgetfulness roll over all.  
Yet doubt is near to hate, and piles the bier  
Youth's visions to entomb, the dreams most dear.  
Oh! would that thou, poor maid, hadst never met  
Him that thou lovedst! Ah! harsh fate had set  
A gloomy future for thee, from the hour  
When first thou knew'st love's maddening burning  
power,  
And joy'd in it. Would that prayers might avail  
Thy bosom's idol in its place to save;  
Yet, 'twere no use, they would but raise the veil  
Sooner to leave thee, lone, the world to brave,  
And show the utter worthlessness behind,  
To warp too soon that gentle, trusting mind,  
Too young to meet the storm-burst and too pure  
To bow to sin's dark shame, but would endure  
All hardness, coldness, with a soul that soared

Far above earth, although the heart outpoured  
Its noblest thoughts in silence, and unknown,  
Save to the brain which claimed them as its own,  
Till dearth of comfort slowly blighted all  
That once was bright, on which the shadows fall  
Dimming all future hope, while hope is waking  
E'en to its prime, until—the heart is breaking !  
Oh ! Life, what art thou after all ? A vale  
Of tears and sighs, youth, beauty, glory, fail  
One after one. Yet beautiful to see,  
To one who knows it not, is vanity,  
Until the lapse of ages breaks the crust  
Of outward brilliancy, and shows the dust  
Of which the idol, hugged to every breast  
Was all composed ; the wolf is ever dressed  
E'en as the lamb ; that town most fair without,  
Is always worse within. We must not doubt  
All, everything we love, but we must guard  
Against all falsity, which doth award,  
Finally, nought but shame, which fails and leaves



A sorrowing spirit, and a soul that grieves  
It so had been deceived, as not to mark  
The rotten veiling of the hidden spark  
That gnaws and burns within, until all life  
Is swallowed up in an unmeaning strife.

She gathered courage : " This was Rudolf's home,"  
He who had prayed her earnestly to come,  
And yet he was not ready : till at last  
With trembling hand, and bosom beating fast,  
She knocked the door in hopes that he might hear,  
And so remember ; he might be thus near,  
Almost she thought she heard his voice—Alas !  
'Twas but a thought, and thoughts like lightning  
pass.

Her knock was faint, unheard. The abbey chime  
From Lerna hills, had marked, 'twas past the time,  
Far past th' appointed time ; she knocked again,  
Louder this time ; and now 'twas not in vain.  
For while she stood there, feverish, a voice

Thrilled on her ear, it made her heart rejoice  
Even while trembling, Ah ! now must be blasted  
The bud of joy, so beauteous while it lasted !  
“ Who is it comes, with such unpitying ruth,  
To mock the silence of the house of woe ;  
To view the joyless state of age and youth,  
Where streams of anguish o’er their spirits flow.”  
Slowly the portal opened, and Lorrenz  
Issued therefrom. “ Accursèd woman, hence !”  
He almost shrieked, when first with staring eye  
He saw the cause of Rudolf’s misery.  
“ Accursèd, comest thou, too late to save,  
To scatter mockeries on thy victim’s grave ?  
I bid thee hence !” The deep-set eye flashed fire,  
The son’s proud spirit burned within the sire.  
On that old man the Jewish maiden gazed,  
Not angered, but spell-bound, as if amazed  
By the strange tidings. High she raised her head,  
“ Whom speak’st thou of ? I know not who is dead.  
I have slain no one. Stay,” across her flashed

A dim foreboding of some future ill,  
And from her cheek the starting tear she dashed,  
“Is Rudolf hurt or dead?”—“Deceiver, still  
Look’st thou for him? Dost ever think that he  
Could lower all himself to think of thee?”  
“He is not dead, thou say’st, then why should I  
Become the source of any’s agony?  
What meanest thou?” But in old Lorrenz’ mind,  
Had vanished now the feelings once so kind;  
The proof was strong, although her mien was  
proud,  
She was an utter hypocrite, nor bowed  
By modest reticence, therefore he thought  
’Twas only avarice that thus had brought  
Her still to haunt his son. Had he but known  
That she was innocent, he would have shown  
As much of kindness to that trembling form,  
As now of sternness in his passion’s storm.  
“Thou sordid, wretched woman, as I say  
The matter lies, as truly as that day

Precedes the night. He looked for *love*, and *that*  
He found not in thee, though thy witcheries sat  
Deep on his heart; thy cursèd love of pelf  
Hath dimmed his future, while—it *damned*  
thyself!"

But Leah stood, with stony, fixèd gaze  
Full on his face, a look of blank despair  
Stamped on the cold, pale features, not amaze,  
But utter hopelessness was planted there.  
In all her fear she scarce had thought of this,  
And now the dread reality had come,  
He, who had lately prized the lightest kiss,  
Doomed her a houseless wanderer to roam.  
Could it be true? And then one ray of hope  
Broke forth; but ah! 'twas faint, and scarce could  
cope

With dread conviction! Would that he were here  
To save or slay; truth cannot be so drear  
As cruel doubt. "Oh! wait till *I* have heard  
Myself him speak to me, although his word

Should kill me there ; 'twere better thus to die  
Before my love lives but in memory !  
Oh ! let me see him, hear him speak once more,  
*Once, only once*, and then—let all be o'er !  
Let me but look on him, Rudolf, again,  
Then let me die if I shall be his bane !”  
Scarce had she spoken, when beneath the door  
Stood Rudolf, and she roused herself once more,  
The blood rushed back and blushed upon her cheek :  
“ 'Tis he !” she cried, and scarce could further speak,  
Her accents were so broken. “ Thou wilt prove  
These cruel slanders false ; thou know'st my love,  
Can'st never doubt it ! Thou hast been to me  
Most dear, and so I dreamt I was to thee !  
Say, was I wrong ? Say, hast thou kept the oath  
Thou swor'st, and which was echoed by us both ?”  
He gazed upon her stedfastly, his eye  
Softened so late by love, shone brightly dry  
As if in bitter anger, while upheaved  
His chest in fitful gasps, as though it grieved

To enter on its task, to breathe the knell  
To hope, and bid to joy a long farewell !  
She met his look with an unshrinking eye  
Fearless at first, then with a stifled cry  
She marked the change—"Rudolf, what ails thy  
spirit ?

Tell me thy grief, that I at least may share it !"  
As when upon the hills the rooted oak  
Falls prone to earth beneath the woodman's stroke,  
As shrink the foe before the hero's lance,  
Her spirit sudden fell beneath his glance.  
"Most perjured of thy sex, in maddened haste  
I pledged my troth to thee—I will not waste  
My words on thee, thou heed'st them not—all, *all*  
I ever said of love I now recall ;  
Think not, at woman's pleasure human hearts  
Can thus be toyed with, as the stinging darts  
Which rankled deep in them availed not  
To bate her cruel will, one single jot  
To turn her from her purpose, or to make

Her pause and think, before she stoops to break  
A heart too loving to withstand the shock,  
Though her's may bide unmoved as a rock.  
Now hear me out ! Thou, whom I trusted most,  
Hast played me falsely, and my soul has lost  
All hope of thee. I loved thee more, far more  
Than father, or than honour ; all is o'er,  
Blasted by one fell stroke. Thou, *thou*, hast sold  
Thy present and thy future life for gold !  
For filthy lucre ! Bitter was the hour  
That showed thee to me, for love's burning power  
Veiled all thy falsehood from my blinded eyes  
Until 'twas full ! Oh ! God, why hast thou made  
Such black-drawn clouds before our hopes to rise,  
Till all the promises of life must fade ?  
I can no more !" He turned his head away,  
And one large tear coursed slowly down his cheek,  
His heart seemed bursting, as it could not stay  
Its wild pulsation ; and he ceased to speak.  
The moonlight fell upon the mossy ground,

Silvering silently the scene around ;  
And there he stood, his hands upon his face,  
His bosom heaving, as it fain would chase  
Sad memories far, but could not. There were three,  
Each with his separate work of agony.

She was half terrified, all this was dark  
To her, and terrible, she could but mark  
That he was angry, and she shrank beneath  
The fire of his glance, as at the breath  
Of the fierce sand-wind Egypt's lily lies,  
O'er charged with heat, and yielding sweetness  
dies !

She was not guilty, but she could not bear  
Him to look harshly on her ; she would share  
His troubles if he had them. " Rudolf mine,  
Whate'er thou hast of care, is also mine."—  
She stole beside him silently, and took  
His hand in her's. Instant, he roughly shook  
Her off. " False woman, get thee hence, I say !



I know thee not, thy form is torn away  
From where it once reigned paramount; I know  
Thy cruel treachery, and that doth show  
Thy shallow heart! Gold has updrawn the veil  
Which glazed mine eyes, thy arts will nought avail  
Against pure nature! Heaven! to think that thou  
Would'st have deceived!"—

—"Rudolf, but hear"—

—"Thy brow

Seemed crowned by innocence; no more delay.  
I have no part in *thee*, why dost thou stay?  
Was not thy pay sufficient"—(on the ground  
He dashed his purse; it burst, and scattered round  
The glittering coins)—"add this to that thou hast,  
And sell to me oblivion of the past!"

She cried, as he turned from her to the door,  
"Rudolf, but hear me! Rudolf, I implore  
Thee, listen to me! Some one has deceived  
Thy heart, and poisoned 'gainst me all I had  
Of pleasure, and of that I am bereaved!

Stay, Rudolf, stay, thy doubts will drive me mad!"  
She sprang quick after him. "Let me but speak!"  
"Thou hast, enough, what further would'st thou  
seek ?

Thou hast destroyed my happiness!" The door  
Was closed upon him, and the wind out-bore  
The last few words. Then rushed upon her mind  
The thought "I am bereft!" and left behind  
No hope to cheer ; all strength forsook her frame,  
She cried once more upon the cherished name!  
Wild gazed she round upon the placid sky,  
And senseless sank upon the dewy ground,  
All life forsook her, with a wailing cry  
She swooned, and all again was still around.

## Canto V.



HE day was breaking fast, the god of light  
Had chased the shadows of the silent  
night,

And in the east the rosy hue proclaimed  
The morn at hand ; the stars, as if ashamed,  
Had ceased their light, one, only one, remaining,  
The fairest of them, and e'en that was waning.  
The fresh, soft breeze was whispering 'cross the  
fields,  
Breathing a fragrance o'er the teeming land,  
Blessing with increase all that nature yields  
To hardy labour with a willing hand.  
The drifting clouds by the mild wind were fanned  
Slowly and lazily across the sky,  
Like a huge flock of sheep pastured on high

They seemed, as white they slowly wended by.  
On Lerna's hill shone bright the breaking day,  
From Lerna's peak the clouds were rolled away,  
And all the vales were bathed in light ; the horn  
Of rising shepherds smote upon the ear,  
Breathing the very spirit of the dawn,  
Seeming to bid each mortal banish fear.  
The hamlet was now stirring, and the street  
Already echoed back the sound of feet,  
As now a troop of maidens passed along,  
Their voices chorusing a joyous song.  
They came to Lorrenz' door.—A month had passed  
Across Time's record, since we saw it last ;  
Rudolf had promised instantly his sire,  
Since *she* was false, and all their love was o'er,  
That he would yield to all of his desire,  
And never see the Jewish maiden more.  
His father long had wished that Madelene  
Should wed his son, and the one bar between  
Was now removed. True, this a pang had cost,

But after all, what had his Rudolf lost ?  
A woman, false in nature and accursed,  
So 'twas decreed for ever : she who first  
Stole his son's heart, had hoped, and tried to break  
It in her avarice, for *this* one's sake  
It scarce were well to grieve. This time the blow  
Had fallen harshly, but did that not show  
That it were well, if, in some novelty  
His son could break his sullen lethargy ?

So Rudolf was to marry Madelene,  
Though all the past seemed yet to lie between  
The fulness of their love. She could but know,  
His very heart was shattered by the blow  
That one had dealt ; but still she thought that he  
Would over-live it, or at least, that she  
Might help his soul to bear it. Oh ! the love  
Which prompted her was noble. She would prove  
That love was love for ever, that must bring  
Some slight return. All, all his suffering

She too would bear, and if his heart should sink  
Beneath its load adown the yawning brink  
Of dark despair, her's too would fall, nor stay  
When all his joys and her's were torn away.

The maidens stayed, a blooming group before  
The old farm-house, assayed to ope the door ;  
It still was closed. " Madge, Madelene, we come  
With flowers to deck thy future bridal home !

" Haste ! arise, the dawn is breaking,  
Chase the bonds of sleep away,  
'Tis full time thou should'st be waking,  
For it is thy wedding day."

She heard them call, and to the window frame,  
Roused from a reverie, she smiling came.  
" Thanks, Kate and Margaret, and all beside  
For your good wishes ; never think a bride  
Would sleep beyond the dawn ; I will descend  
And ope the door, and pray your presence lend,

As well as help." And with a speedy hand  
She raised the latch, and all the youthful band  
Poured in to welcome her ; and now the day  
Began to wear its sunny hours away.

It *was* a festival. Lorrenz had spread  
A bounteous table for the poor ; his head  
Was blessed a thousand times. Sweet music strains  
Were ever heard, and all the village swains  
Had donned their best. Oh ! 'twas a glorious time  
As e'er was that, when in its earliest prime  
The great world was. The thickly branchèd trees  
Waved at the onset of the quiet breeze  
That stole among the leaflets ; 'neath the shade,  
Apart from those who merrily on-played,  
Were groups reclining, and the hours passed,  
To those young souls, brief as a cloud is cast  
Athwart the sun, which for a moment hides  
Its glory till the piercing ray divides  
The flimsy veil and scatters light around ;

So, quick the pleasures passed. The quiet sound  
Of the church bells chimed sweetly in amain,  
Anon up swelling, then half hushed again.  
At last, amidst the blessings whispered loud,  
The bridal train passed slowly through the crowd.  
First came ten maidens, in their kirtles dressed,  
Chosen for bridesmaids from among the rest;  
Chanting a jubilee the while they moved,  
Invoking blessings on the pair they loved.—

“ Happy the hour that brings  
Union upon its wings,  
And all of sorrow flings  
Far from its train.

Happy the youthful pair,  
And may their spirits share  
Freedom from every care,  
While cares remain !

May but Life's sweetest side  
Beam on the village pride,



And on his fair young bride ;  
All sorrows die ;  
Leaving no saddening trace  
To mar the bright young face,  
May joy the troubles chase,  
Soon fleeting by !”

The way was strewn with flowers, carpet meet  
For such occasion ; and the blithesome feet  
Tripped merrily along. Old Lorrenz came,  
Sprightly as though his bent but hardy frame  
Felt no effects of sickness, but appeared  
As well as any, and his head up-reared  
As once in youth. Time had passed kindly by  
The old man’s form ; his eagle piercing eye  
Glowed as in childhood, though full many years  
Had passed him on the road, with griefs and tears  
Too often rife ; yet on this festal day  
He seemed as if his age had passed away.  
They reached the church ; and waiting at the door,

Stood the old pastor ; as their footsteps bore  
Them near, they bowed the knee ; and silence filled  
The summer air, which but just past had thrilled  
With joyous merriment. Th' assembly heard  
The pastor's welcome, and his kindly word :  
" Bless you, my children, and may God in Heaven  
Prosper your union, may to you be given  
Earth's brightest guerdons." Many a tender  
breast

Heaved high with blessing when they mark'd the  
prayer,

Full many a voice breathed " Amen" to the quest  
From Him above. Sweet was their love ; and fair  
Was now the scene, upon the mossy sward  
Tall manly forms bent down before their Lord.

They entered all. Within the dim-drawn aisle  
Rudolf and Madelena knelt. A smile  
Played on her features ; in that holy place  
She seemed an Angel filled with heavenly grace.

The quivering beams which through the windows  
came

Fell softly, like God's smiles, upon her frame.  
But Rudolf wore e'en now, a look so sad,  
That many wondered ; all the welcomes glad  
Poured forth to him but grated on his ear ;  
E'er would to him another form appear,  
He never could forget *her* ; he might try,  
And half-succeeding, live, and strive, and die,  
But never could forget her ! So they stood  
There, side by side—the saddened and the good.

The service was proceeding, and the sound  
Of the deep organ pealed in strains around,  
Sweet and yet rich. From the green woods  
there came

A female form,—'twas Leah. How that name  
Would have reproached him, had he but known all  
That cruel men had striven to fulfil:  
Too late, alas ! would he shake off their thrall ;

The cords now bound, would hold both heart and  
will.

Slowly the Jewess came ; her raven hair  
Was loose, and ruffled by the breezy air  
That played in it, the wavy mass, unbound,  
Streamed o'er her shoulders to the velvet ground,  
And the soft linen turban round her head  
Gained not in whiteness, only seemed to shed  
A deeper contrast, as its snowy hue  
Seemed dull before the brightness of her brow,  
Serving to give her beauty all its due,  
Though pensive 'twas, and overshadowed now.  
Inviting was the silent churchyard's shade,  
Solemn and lonely ; so here 'twas she stayed  
Her wand'ring steps. Was this some wondrous  
thought

Of Providence, that hither she was brought ?  
She had strayed on,—she did not know nor care  
Where she was coming—but—she had come *there*.  
*There* at the very moment, when within

The church's walls, was crowned a deed of sin !  
Can this be chance ? Can atheists madly call  
That power a mock'ry, which thus guides us all ?  
No, no—the spell, which with a subtle power  
Governs our actions every passing hour,  
Is the kind hand of heaven. When earth began  
Its grand existence, think'st thou, scoffing man,  
That *this* was chance ? Think'st thou that man is led  
Alone by that he stores up in his head ?  
That 'tis a fickle fortune rules our earth,  
Prone, now to sorrow, and now prone to mirth ?  
This is a heathen creed. A heathen dream  
Was its first germ ; but doth the fruit beseem  
Those who have now the Gospel's shining light  
To beacon them with glories ever bright ?  
No, he who yields to *chance* all things unknown,  
Measures th' Almighty wisdom by his own.

She stood and mused awhile ; recalled the past,  
Alas ! too bright, too beautiful to last !

What had she done? She did not know her crime :  
He must still love ; their hearts had once united ;  
Would not his love outstand the lapse of time ?  
Must all her cherished dreams for aye be blighted ?  
Ah yes ! she felt 'twas true ; her ears had heard  
His laugh of scorn, the last most stinging word  
Of anger burst from him ; and as she thought  
That he could deem she could be basely bought,  
The flush of anger mounted to her cheek,  
And thus, in murmurs, she began to speak :  
“ Can it be true that Heaven ne'er forbids  
Such deep hatched treachery, but shuts its lids  
To such base perjury ? To me he swore  
His heart, his soul, must love me ever more ;  
And—I believed him ! Then he forged a tale,  
A bitter lie, his pretext to avail,  
—And cast me off ! The hour is now too late ;  
My race can *love*, my race can also *hate*  
While life exists : but ah, my soul is dead !  
All that I loved in life has fled, has fled !

The lamp exists, but quenched is its flame,  
And it but rears a hollow, empty frame  
Over sweet hope's dark sepulchre. My heart  
Must now forget those happy, sunny days ;  
Like lightning's flash the fleeting hours depart,  
Which vanishes while brightest it doth blaze."  
Her voice was choked by sobs, the pent up grief  
Burst from her heart, and wildly heaved her breast ;  
But ah, her sorrow could find no relief  
In tears, nor that now blighted heart find rest.

Poor girl, there were none in that hour of need  
To cheer her darkness, or to sow the seed  
Of future joy ; her's was a barren lot ;  
Deserted, lone, and even *he* forgot  
His plighted oath. Could but her sorrowing soul  
Have sobbed its grief away, and all control  
Of self been lost, then while her nature gave  
Dominion up she had escaped the grave—  
The grave of all her hopes ! But no, ah no !

Her's was no common grief, nor petty woe ;  
It was a weight which but with life departs,  
When Heaven can soothe the over-wearied hearts.  
Her's was a nature that could never brook  
Such slight as this, which while it rudely shook  
Her inmost feelings, dulled the source of hope,  
And left *no* weapon for her heart to cope  
With all its agony, with all its pain !  
Wearisome task ! To chase, and chase again  
Those darkening doubts, whilst ever they return,  
With newer power. Oh ! the soul must yearn  
For final rest, long that her course were o'er,  
That Heaven's sweet Home were hers for evermore.  
Long, vainly long to send herself away,  
Far from this earth, to that sweet, endless day !  
And Leah wished this, while the blinding tears  
Streamed down her cheeks. To all there aye  
appears  
The vision of the end !—And thus she mused  
On all the sweets fate had to her refused.



She listened :—" Ah ! I hear a distant voice !  
A nuptial blessing—Oh ! the happy pair !  
Would that, like theirs, my spirit could rejoice  
In innocent forgetfulness of care !  
I too join in that blessing. Oh ! may they  
Ne'er know the pangs that I have felt this day !  
Amen, to that bright blessing, and again  
May they be happy in their love !—Amen !  
—I would that I could see them, for one face  
Of truthfulness would seem to lend a grace  
And tone to life. From yonder oaken door  
I can behold them,"—and she slowly bore  
Her footsteps thither. All at once, a chill  
And dread of some fresh, overwhelming ill  
Dulled all her mind. " But hark ! their voices  
speak."

She oped the door, and gazed—with one sharp  
shriek

She started back. "'Tis he !" the Jewess cried !  
"'Tis he !" the echoing woods and vales replied !

She closed the door. "Heaven, you did not hear  
My last 'Amen.'—You could not bend your ear  
To listen to such blasphemy! I call,  
I call it back! Why did not lightnings fall  
Upon my head, ere I should bless those who  
Have robbed myself of all that is my due?  
Why does not earth gape open as they kneel  
Before God's altar, and Hell's compact seal  
With semblance of religion! May they feel  
As I do now, and may the words they say  
Haunt all their slumbers till their dying day!"  
She wept no longer; all her grief was turned  
To bitter wrath, and all her spirit burned  
Within her breast. There was an ivied stone  
Stood by the church, it reared itself alone,  
Apart from all around; it might have been,  
In ages past, a sign to mark the scene  
Of some event, 'twas ruined now; she leant  
On it exhausted, as her passion's bent  
Swelled deep within her. All her lineal hate

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Boiled in her veins ; the pious thoughts of late  
Were all forgotten, and with conquering hand  
Hate ruled her heart to bow to his command.

There was a hand upon the church's door,  
There was a step upon the mossy floor.—  
—'Twas Rudolf!—But he saw *her* not ; he came,  
Leaving the joyous throng, to cool his frame  
With the light air. The pageant that was past  
Had made him sad ; his heart was overcast—  
—Thinking of Leah.—Oh ! had he but known  
An hour sooner she was innocent,  
And all that was of falsehood was his own,  
Would that last hour have been in marriage spent ?  
He bared his brow. Amid the branches' shade,  
The tiny zephyrs softly danced and played,  
Cooling his heated head. “Ah yes, my soul,  
Thou must seek comfort now ; thou'rt near the  
goal  
Thou must arrive at. Have I wrought aright ?

Will all these actions bear a stronger sight  
Than that of man ? Will Heaven approve the  
course

I have pursued ? May not the shade, remorse,  
Deride my age, and darken that old home,  
Watch lest the angels' whispers near it come  
To raise its tenour ? 'Midst that ritual  
Methought I heard her well-known accents call,  
I thought I saw her face, and her dark eye  
Blazing in wrath, I thought I heard her cry !"  
The Jewess saw him, and with death-pale face  
Gazed steadfastly at him, nor moved her place,  
But listened, silent. Yet was in her look,  
In the wild beat with which her bosom shook,  
A proof of passion only half concealed,  
Which would not shrink, but rather be revealed.  
"Thou thought'st so, did'st thou ? Yet thou  
did'st not shrink  
From thy deep wickedness ! Thou did'st not  
think

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Then of thine oath ?" He turned and saw her.

High

Towered her form, sublime in majesty,  
But 'twas her *glance* that would have lowered all—  
All mortal, and compelled them down to fall  
Owning her pow'r. "Is there a God above,  
Who hateth treachery and honoureth love,  
Yet can have sufferance of such perjury  
As that which stamps the seal of hell on thee?"  
She raised her arm, that rounded arm and white,  
Which once so readily would oft entwine  
With his, when he was precious in her sight,  
Before dark falsehood dimmed the glad sunshine!  
"Thou wert the first," he said, "to break thine  
oath ;

It is thy greed which hath undone us both.  
Oh God ! that ever it should come to this ;  
I thought thou wert too holy ! when my kiss  
First pressed thy brow, how little did I deem,  
Soon lust would rob the jewel of its gleam ;

Its crown of brightness, purity!" Her head  
She raised in scorn: "What speak'st thou of?"  
she said.

"Speak?—I?—Of that thou didst so soon accept,  
Of that which rendered all my life bereft—  
The bribe to buy departure." As he spoke  
A sudden light on Leah's darkness broke:  
This then had been a plot, or else some lie,  
Deceiving him, had made him pass her by:—  
But, he could deem her worldly! "And *you*  
thought

That I had taken it! I could be bought  
To lose my honour! You could bring your brain  
To dream that I had taken it, could stain  
My spotless innocence!"—But then the sobs  
Swelled in her bosom, and in tearing throbs  
She strove to smother them; in vain—in vain,  
They would burst forth, with stronger force, again!  
"You—you on whom my hopes so firm were built,  
Could think that I would bow to such base guilt!"

“Leah, one instant!”—and a dreadful fear  
Crept on his mind, “an instant—instant hear!”  
Like some poor wayfarer whose footsteps wake  
The deadly venom of the hidden snake,  
She started, and her dark eyes fiercely blazed,  
At him, in withering scorn, the orbits gazed—  
“Hear thee? for what?—It surely ne’er can be,  
That *thou*, a *Christian*, should’st so stoop to me,  
A *Jewess*, as with careful zeal to show  
Why thou hast plunged me in the sea of woe!  
Christian—keep off! I cannot breathe the air  
Thou breath’st, and live. As I can never share  
Thy treachery, so can I never hope  
To counter thee, or with thy mind to cope.  
Dost thou not fear, when speech to thee is given,  
To raise thy voice within the arc of heaven?  
Dar’st thou pollute, with thy dark, perjured breath,  
The summer air, and lade the winds with death  
Culled from thy lips? What one of God’s com-  
mands

Hast thou obeyed ? They bid thee not to steal—  
Thou stol'dst my heart with unrelenting hands,  
Nor all its blight could make thy spirit feel.  
'Thou shalt not lie' ? Thou swor'st an oath to me—  
Thou hast it falsified—Can heaven see  
Thy sin unmoved ? Will not the lightnings cast  
In anger thence, thy traitor forehead blast  
With the deep mark of shame ? Love's now too  
late,  
Remains but death, and never-ending hate  
T'ward thee and thine for ever. God, give ear  
To what I pray. On him who standeth here  
Shed nevermore thy grace. Curs't may'st thou be ;  
(Disgrace to man, and worse than pest to me ;)  
Thine be the blasting curse of endless woe,  
For thee no tears of gentle pity flow ;  
May fell remembrance dog thine every act ;  
Thy heart for ever be with anguish racked !  
May all thy years increase in bitterness,  
And may the vision of the fatherless,



Her bitter curse, cling to thy seed and thee,  
In life, in *death*, and in *eternity* !”

“Leah, have pity, mercy !”

“Not for thee.

That stern refusal that thou gav’st to me,  
I now return to thee. When I implored  
Thee listen to me, with a scornful word,  
And sneering tone thou bad’st me go—I went,—  
And all my nature to my vengeance lent  
Its whole existence. May the earth deny  
Thee e’en a tomb, when thou dost sorrowing die,  
And God—a home! Heaven grant that I may  
slake

My thirst for vengeance, though my heart should  
break

During its course. Now, as in ancient days  
My fathers ratified their oaths, I raise  
My voice to God. Amen, to that I said,  
Amen to all my curse upon thy head—  
*Amen!*” she ceased ; and while her voice still rung

Around, the chorus in the church upsprung  
In one long, deep "Amen": it was, as they  
Had ratified the curse pronounced that day;  
Deep on his heart those angered accents fell,  
The past was Heaven to the future hell!

## Canto VI.



TIME! thy long cycles saddening memories chase

From every mind ; yet oft there is a trace

Of bygone ills lurks in the bosom's shrine,  
Rendering sad the thoughts of all divine  
And hopeful longings. As the rocky bed  
Of some parched mountain spring shows what has  
been,

So, deep-felt conscience rules the pillowed head  
And casts a gangrene o'er the brightest scene.  
Yet, Time, thy power is great ; we must allow  
That many a grief doth to thy sceptre bow.  
'Tis well perhaps that *some* should feel sin's bane ;

That *some* should pay the price in aching pain;  
'Tis well perhaps that some few hearts should  
    know,  
And feel the burden of their fellows' woe.

*Some* sins there are which never, never die,  
There are some visions that can never fly,  
There are some memories which can never fade  
Till joy has been too long, alas! delayed,  
To yield their end. Rest! where, oh! where is  
    Rest?

Where, where is comfort for the stricken breast?  
Is it on earth? Here can we ever find  
A shining halo for the troubled mind,  
To light its darkness? Doth earth's surface give  
The greatest of all knowledge, how to live?  
Live in sweet purity, unknown to sin,  
With all the feelings of the soul within  
Free and unfettered. Doth earth yield this joy?  
Ah no!—Its fleeting pleasures only cloy

The appetite they pamper ; when the day  
Of care and memory, (not so separate  
As most would deem them), breaks, there is no ray  
Of genuine goodness to assist their state.  
Ah ! Time, 'tis true thou may'st deceive the soul  
Part to forget, it never can the *whole* !  
Ever before the sinner's straining eyes,  
The crimes of yore will darkly seem to rise ;  
The life behind has left a lurid track,  
And 'tis not his to send the visions back !

'Twas summer prime. The wheaten ears were  
growing  
Yellow as gold, and all the world was glowing  
In the rich sunlight. All the woods were green :  
Leafy the trees, and many a woody scene  
Was pleasant now, some shady, cool retreat,  
A graceful shelter from the summer heat,  
Where the sweet tinkling water rambles on  
Over its pebbly bed, with low, soft sound,

Like the strange music of the dying swan,  
Singing the while it flutters o'er the ground.  
'Tis sweet to wander in the woodland's shade,  
To lie still, dreaming, in some silent glade ;  
To watch the rocking of the thick spun trees,  
The king-ferns waving in the quiet breeze ;  
To watch the flower, that blooms to die at even,  
Send up its fragrance as a gift to Heaven ;  
To listen lazily while half awake  
To the sweet music of the happy day,  
In that dear desert where no strangers break  
The settled calm of nature's holiday ;  
To watch, in measures, on the velvet grass,  
Between the leaves stray beams of daylight pass,  
Dimly down streaming, in a motey maze,  
While the bright source is hidden from the gaze  
By the green roof. Yes, Solitude, thou art  
To most, delightful, yet can memory's dart  
Strike in thy presence. Still to those who have  
No dark remembrances to quite enslave

All happy retrospect, thou art most dear,  
Then 'tis, that all the days of youth appear  
To brighten bleak old age ; the sorrows past  
Seem almost joys, we know that they *are* past ;  
Perhaps we know for what those griefs were sent,  
For what bright aim those fleeting tears were meant ;  
Those whom He loves He chastens, and we feel  
This was the love He would to us reveal ;  
Maybe that sorrow kept us from a sin,  
It *surely* purified the heart within ;  
We know 'tis true what cherished sayings tell,  
In joy, in tears, " He doeth all things well."  
Rest fosters love, and rest is ever pleasant,  
Ever soothes down the anger that would rise,  
Solaces equally the Prince and peasant,  
And dries the tear-drops from a mourner's eyes.  
Yes ! Rest is ever pleasant, and the weary  
Seek in its bosom respite from their toil,  
Seek its kind aid whenever life seems dreary,  
And lets and hindrances their spirits foil !

High Lerna's top was sunny as the rest,  
Mantled with gold, and its tall, misty crest  
Bordered by vineyards sloping, sloping down  
In slow descent. The dim-defined crown  
Was rarely seen ; cloudlets would chance to stray,  
And round the summit circling, there would stay  
Till others chanced there too. The vines were  
beaming

Now, red as gold ; the orchards bright were gleam-  
ing

With the ripe fruit. Oh ! Summer, thou art fair !  
Thy beauty—wonderful ; thy power—rare !  
When all the land is bathed in golden light,  
When winds sigh softly through the balmy night,  
When gaiety can reign alone, supreme,  
And earth looks fairer than it e'er can seem  
Apart from thee. Thy spirit rules the flowers,  
And wild with playfulness roll by the hours  
Of day and night. Yes ! 'tis a happy prime  
Of earth's existence, the bright summer-time !



At Lerna's base there stood, as there had been,  
The house of Lorrenz ; five years' change of scene  
Had left it standing as it stood of old :  
Five years had passed, had onward ever rolled  
Since last we saw it. The enduring strife  
Of bitter nothingness, which we call life,  
Had far progressed. Maybe these years to some  
Had yielded earthly blessings, these oft come  
To mortals, but—had Rudolf fared so well ?  
Did he ne'er think of that dark Jewish spell  
Thrown on his house ? of her whom he had left  
With broken heart, to live and die—bereft ?  
To live, e'er wishing for that welcome death,  
Grudging the sigh of every passing breath,  
Longing, e'er longing, that dear death would  
    come,  
To ope the vistas of the promised home.  
And did there never flit across his mind  
The memory of hours, now left behind,  
Though dim with age ? Ah ! who of man can tell

What thoughts were his, what fancies often fell  
Upon his heart? Save Him who gave him life,  
And the dear partner of his love—his wife,  
None knew. Still, oft how bitter are those cares  
Which ne'er appear, although the spirit fares  
The worse for silence. Oh! save those who feel  
And know these things, how little can we guess  
The troublous thoughts calm faces oft conceal,  
Seeking to smile away their bitterness!  
Oh! rotten joys and smiles, that oft appear  
While the poor spirit bows beneath its fear,  
And load of sorrowing! So Rudolf felt  
He must look careless; but his life had dealt  
Death to his heart, and crushed beneath its load  
Of heavy memory the voice that shewed  
The road to better things. He still lived on,  
As one who hears, but marks not, some old  
    sound;  
Life seemed a blank; no more the sunshine  
    shone

To scatter blessings on the path around.  
*Her* form still mocked his gaze. Her ringing curse  
Seemed yet to threat a coming evil, worse  
Than all before. To outward eyes he seemed  
Prosperous, happy, and his vineyards gleamed  
Brightest of all, his orchards were the fairest,  
Of all the flocks his were by far the rarest.  
Yet still there loomed the shadow of the past ;  
Still on his hearth the blight of time was cast ;  
The spectre of Remorse seemed still to mock  
A nature, deadened by that one fell shock,  
And Memory's troupe danced 'cross his throbbing  
    brain,  
Dim, dim-heard voices like the pattering rain  
Upon the window. " Rudolf, is it thou ?  
Is that the mark of Cain upon thy brow ?  
Art thou a murderer ? Man, thou art accurst ;  
She loved thee truly, but thou wast the first  
To judge the righteous, and from thy lips came  
The words of sin and everlasting shame.

Rudolf, she cursed thee, and to her was given  
The potent key to shut thee out from heaven !”  
Thus seemed they ever, ever on to sing ;  
Ever and ever in his ears would ring  
The hateful threats of conscience. When he closed  
His eyes in sleep, and on his couch reposed,  
That very sleep was waking ; when awake,  
They haunted him again ; he could not break  
The strong-forged chains of retrospect. Oh, thus  
The sins, thought buried, rise and rise again.  
Long hidden crimes are oft revealed to us,  
Though we may think no traces can remain :  
The grave has buried in its dark recess,  
Perhaps for years, the record of a sin ;  
Yet once it will reveal our wickedness,  
Lay bare the evil, thought and worked within.  
We learn thus much,—To men all may be dark,  
As the lost bones beneath the silent sod ;  
But where there lives to man not one small spark,  
’Tis clear as noon-day in the sight of God.

And oft he wished to leave the unwelcome voice,  
Rouse all his manhood, and in youth rejoice ;  
'Twas vain, 'twas vain ! The voice his spirit  
daunted,

That deep, hot curse, his memory still haunted  
As if 'twere yesterday ;—he saw her now,  
He saw the anguish on her noble brow  
Struggle with pride, until the former yielded,  
Then, as with Titan's strength, the ban she  
wielded,

Weapon-like, which for ever was to keep  
His days from pleasure, and his nights from sleep.  
Sadly he paid the price of her young heart,  
Deep in his bosom lay the piercing dart ;  
His actions bore the impress of that past,  
His mind unsettled as the whirlwind's blast.

Madelene knew this ; she alone could trace  
The secret anguish lined upon his face ;  
She, only, made him, if it were not glad,

At least resigned to fate, and not so sad.  
They had a child, a daughter ; and her name  
Was one which had a strange and certain claim  
On both their bosoms ; “ *Leah* ” was she called—  
A troublous name, in that it e’er recalled  
The action of a sin. Fair Madelene !  
Thou wast too bright for such an one as he :  
Thou fittedst sunlike ’cross the dullest scene !  
He loved thee ; yet, in truth, he *loved* not *thee* !

It was the Harvest-Home. A merry crew  
Were celebrating holiday ; but few  
Of all the villagers were absent. Here  
Were youth and age, commingled in a rout  
Of gaiety and merriment, to cheer  
The Autumn in, and play the Summer out.  
Lorrenz had broached the largest cask of wine  
His cellar held ; and ’twas a splendid quaff,  
Which made the dullest greybeard’s visage shine,  
And he among the merriest could laugh.

'Tis truly sunshine to the heart, to see  
Such fill of happiness and jollity !  
The songs were ringing of the jocund band,  
Who danced till giddy, till they scarce could stand  
For want of breath. It was a holiday,  
A right-down merry, and a festal day,  
For 'twas the fifth bright anniversary  
Of Rudolf's wedding. Many a friend had he  
Among that throng, who with a loving heart  
Joyed in his welfare ; nor did envy's dart  
Rankle in any breast. He was not there  
To hail his bridal day, the mirth to share,  
So old Lorrenz, though feebled now by age,  
Stood in his place,—the sire for the son ;  
The sire, whose name upon fair memory's page,  
Had been unstained since first his life begun.  
And Madelene was there ; grown comelier now  
Than e'er before. Smiles wreathed upon her brow,  
The tiara of happiness ; not strange  
When Rudolf was not there, that she should change

Her outward seeming to the world, for why  
Should all the joy of life within *her* die?  
Her darling child, the household's dearest pet,  
Was playing by her side. Since last we met  
Changes had wrought apace, though plenty  
crowned

Still, as it used to do, the fruitful ground.

Old Lorrenz spoke.—“ My friends, thrice welcome  
here,

More and more welcome each returning year,  
Whilst grace like this is showered on our heads,  
And bounteous Heaven still its plenty sheds  
Upon our land. Our Rudolf is away;  
Would that he could have seen you here to-day!  
But 'tis, I fear, too late. Vienna's city  
He seeks; his errand is a work of pity.  
He goes to beg our gracious King recall  
The thralling edict 'gainst the Jews.” But all  
Looked gloomily at this—“ Then will they come,”



Said one, "to live and make a lasting home  
In our dear village?"

"Wherefore not?" He turned,  
That proud old man, and in his heart there burned  
A spark of grief. "And wherefore not?" he said,  
"Why should the load of sin be on their head  
Rather than ours? Surely their race's stain  
Has faded now, for centuries have rolled,  
Long cycles passed, since that dark crime of old  
Proved their great downfall, and their country's  
bane.

There was a Jewish maiden, years ago,  
I treated harshly, and beneath the blow  
Her spirit sank. Would she were here again!  
Repentance follows crime, and still remain  
Dark thoughts to me!" And silent then he stood,  
Unconscious of those round, in musing mood.

Slowly the crowd dispersed, and by degrees  
The place was empty. Then did Madelene

Sit waiting for her husband ; every breeze,  
She thought, must be him, till the branches green  
Waving, showed not. So, oft will fancy play  
Upon our minds, and bear the truth away !  
The heart can school itself to any creed ;  
The slightest wish, perhaps, can sow the seed  
Of a long hope. Sudden there rose a sound  
Of angry voices, and the air around  
Was torn by noise ; it nearer, nearer came,  
And curious wonder filled her gentle frame.  
“ What sound is that ? Surely it is a crowd  
Angered and turbulent !—The rout grows loud,  
And comes this way.” Scarce had her footsteps  
    roved

Beyond their present rest, scarce had she moved,  
When, stained by travel, and with dust defaced,  
A woman hurried on, pursued and chased  
By men behind ; but one short instant more,  
And death had reigned that hunted being o’er.  
A coarse serge robe a perfect form concealed,

Scarce hiding, for withal it but revealed  
Different charms. But now dark terror reigned  
Over her features, labour-worn, and stained  
Almost by sorrow's touch. She quickly passed  
To Madelene ; her enemies were behind,  
But woman's sympathy was instant cast  
O'er Madelena's half-bewildered mind.  
Where is the woman's heart that does not feel  
A pang to see her sister in distress ?  
Almost unconsciously there seems to steal  
Over her heart the touch of tenderness.  
No matter if her brooding fancies cherish  
Some hatching quarrel, just to be revealed,  
Malice, revenge, alike will instant perish,  
And the heart's throne to subtle kindness yield.  
Grief fosters love, and sorrow's hard-linked chain  
Tightens the bonds of love and unity ;  
Except affection nothing can remain  
Where thou dost reign, divinest Sympathy !

On came the villagers : " Fair lady, give  
This woman up ! A Jewess may not live  
An hour within our province." And among  
The foremost rank of that excited throng  
Stood the apostate, Bertolf. " Madelene,  
Yield up the cursèd Jewess ! Thou hast seen  
More of their race than likes thee ; 'tis the law  
Sanctions our quest, and we must wait no more.  
Yield her to us !" 'Twas said in harsh command,  
But Madelene's high spirit could withstand  
Still greater force ; her womanhood, her pride  
Swelled uppermost, and boldly she replied :  
" Never, to you ! you have no legal right  
Thus to pursue her, and before my sight  
Afflict her thus ; your warrant, signed and sealed  
I first must see, ere I can dare to yield  
Her up to ye !" With baffled rage he shook ;  
She met his eye with an unshrinking look ;  
A righteous cause strengthens the feeblest arm,  
And gives the smallest act a heavenly charm.

“Be it so then ; and we must first obtain  
This needless warrant ”—Bertolf spoke again :  
“ See that thou renderest not, by word or deed,  
Food, rest, or comfort to this woman’s need,  
Or thou must answer for’t. I warn thee thus,  
For in our wishes thou hast now balked us,  
But shalt not so again.” Away they strode  
With fell intent, and in a murderous mood,  
Seeking a life. But as they waned from sight,  
And Madelene gazed on the sorry plight  
Of the poor Jewess, love reigned in her heart,  
Dispelled mistrust, and bade all pride depart ;  
Love swelled in all the bearings of her soul,  
And rising burst beyond the mind’s control.  
“ Poor maid,” she said, “ thou’rt thirsty ? Yonder  
well

Will yield relief. Stay—doubt is infidel  
To human love.” She ran in anxious haste  
And loosed the bucket ; but a single taste  
Was all the woman needed. “ Thanks, thou hast

Some kindly feelings,"—and her eyes she cast  
O'er Madelene's figure: sudden change  
Spread o'er her features. "Heaven! is it so?  
Is she at last within my vision's range?  
My soul, thou art bereaved of half thy woe!"  
As she thus spoke there was a deadened sound  
Of horse's hoofs upon the turfy ground;  
Madelene sprung to welcome Rudolf home,  
All doubt was past, she knew that he had come!  
But as she passed the Jewess raised her head  
With timid glance—

—Heavens! had the quiet dead  
Yielded a spirit? For that noble face  
Showed in each lineament, each faded trace  
Of former beauty, still the same contour,  
The face of one, thought gone for evermore  
Beyond our world. 'Twas Leah, but how changed  
Was now her form from that which once had  
ranged  
By Rudolf's side, basked in the sun of love,

Of heart-felt happiness ; it ne'er would rove  
In such deep joy again ! She wildly flung  
Her long hair back. " From whence hast thou

upsprung,

Thou Fiend, to torture me ? Hast thou not dealt,  
O Heaven, too hardly with me ? I have felt  
Thy blasting anger.—Ah ! why should I stay  
Longer my hand ? And she I saw to-day  
Was once my rival ! Oh ! kind Heaven, forgive  
My prayer for death, for I must live, *must live*  
To work my vengeance !—Stop, they must not find  
Me here, for surely feel I, in his mind  
My memory still bides on—I hear their tread—  
Where can I hide ! Ah ! yonder straw-thatched  
shed

Will yield a shelter." Back she slowly strayed,  
Slowly and painfully, for toil delayed  
Free motion.—Now their voices filled the air,  
Rudolf's and Madelene's. " How didst thou fare  
At Court, Rudolf ?" She leant upon his arm,

Clinging to him, as if from every harm  
He was her shield. " Mine own belovèd wife,  
Far beyond all my hopes, for now all strife  
Between our people and the Jews is o'er,  
And dove-eyed peace reigns o'er us evermore.

Leah, my child !" — The little infant sprang  
In loving eagerness to kiss his face ;  
The echoes with her baby welcome rang,  
Nor on his countenance was now a trace  
Of secret pain. They sat upon the ground,  
She gazing up at him in love profound,  
Unutterable. Would'st know the words they  
said ?

Would'st know the gladness that was o'er them  
shed ?

I cannot tell it, for my feeble pen,  
Is powerless to thus attempt again  
To mirror love's deep truth. But 'twas an hour,  
This of reunion, more ripe in power  
Than years of other scenes. Long sat they there,



Talking of that for which he left his home,  
For while his joyfulness her heart could share,  
She too was thankful he, at last, had come.

And Leah looked on them, and spell-bound heard  
That which they spoke ; each, each succeeding  
word

Impressed her deeper, till, at length, she stept  
Forth from the shed, and in deep silence crept  
Nearer them, though behind. Did He above  
Remember all her sorrow, and her love  
Too early blighted, love in sunshine nourish'd,  
Yet nipped in bud before the blossom flourish'd ?  
But howsoe'er it be, long doubts and fears  
Were half unseated from their ancient throne ;  
The swelling eyes could scarce restrain the tears  
That would have made the spirit all their own.

But as they stirred, she rose again to seek  
A hiding-place.—“ Oh ! Rudolf, I must speak

To thee of somewhat else,"—and Madelene  
Looked all around her ; nowhere could be seen  
Her she had left. "A Jewess hither came  
To-day, pursued."—

"A Jewess ? Know'st her name ?

It may be Leah, ris'n to cheer my gloom,"  
Cried Rudolf breathlessly. "Pursued ! by  
whom ?"

"Alas ! I know not, though I left her here  
I see her not again, and much I fear  
She hath departed. Stay—she may have sought  
The house within."—"My Madelene, well  
thought !"

Cried Rudolf. "Yes, I would this woman see,  
One of her race may clear the mystery  
Of a past life." They rose and entered. She  
Who had them heard thus far, how did *she* feel ?  
Did not her heart grow tenderer within ?  
Did Heaven's influence o'er her spirit steal,  
Cleansing it from the burden of all sin ?

“ Ah ! me,” she cried, and her poor, throbbing  
breast

Told how too deeply dwelt his memory there,

“ Where is the end, and where the hoped-for  
rest ?

Ah me ! my life I may no longer bear !

I *may* not love him, love is past for ever !

’Twere crime to look in love upon him now !

Oh ! Rudolf, why did God our spirits sever ?

Why bear’st thou still the brand upon thy brow ?

I cannot love, I cannot love ; thou hast

Destroyed, oh Fate, my life ! No more, no more

Can I look on in hope, for *hope* is past,

Past when the vision of my youth was o’er.

Yet one remembrance lives. Would I could see

And clasp that form by evil undefiled,

That I could mark with sweet anxiety

Her father’s features in *my* Rudolf’s child.

My Rudolf, *mine*. Yes, though we live apart,

Must love, must die, untended by each other,

There is in thine, as in my longing heart,  
A tiny voice no change of scene can smother.  
I feel 'tis true; our never ripened youth  
Passed like a summer shower soon away,  
Yet, like the rain, it left the seed of truth,  
Retarded, but not banished from the day."  
Thus, in a tone that would have forced a tear  
From heart of adamant, she built the bier  
Of future hope; but one more stroke was needed,  
And heavenly light to her dark gloom succeeded.

The little Leah, Rudolf's only child,  
Had wandered from her mother, and in wild  
Amazement she was gazing. Was it fate  
Made Leah turn to where the infant sate?  
She turned, she looked, ("Kind Father, thou hast  
sent

A gracious answer, and I am content—  
It must be Rudolf's daughter!) Hither come,  
My pretty child, tell me, is this your home?"

Fearless the little one ran to her arms,  
The Jewess' face aroused no harsh alarms  
Within her mind. The tiny treble voice  
Of the young infant seemed like cherub's singing  
To Leah, as if it bade her soul rejoice,  
Its way to bliss it was already winging.  
"Yes, I live here." Leah, where was thy hate?  
Did thy deep vengeance at those words abate?  
Did all the cherished hate and hope of years  
Wreck in a moment? Did no envious fears  
Play on thy fancy? No, all hatred slept,  
The fountain of her pity flowed again;  
Past sins were buried, and she wept, she wept,  
Sobbing as though 'twould ease her spirit's pain.  
"What is your name, my darling? and is he,  
Rudolf, your father?" (One short breathless  
minute,  
Hours of *being* passed in sympathy,  
Bearing the stamp of happiness within it.)  
"Leah's my name"—she would have added more,

But she was hindered—"Memory *is not* o'er  
Then, in his heart. My darling, come to me,  
Has he e'er spoken of that Leah, she  
Who knew him once?"

"Oh! yes, I always pray  
For her before I sleep." As dawning day  
Shines on night's countenance, on Leah's face  
There shone again a strange ethereal grace.  
She clasped the infant wildly to her heart,  
She strained her close, and the long rankling dart  
Was now plucked forth; then at that long, long  
sigh  
Drawn from the depths of her young, ardent soul,  
The Recording Angel blotted years gone by,  
Part *quite* effaced, and dimmed the darkening  
whole!

There is more joy in Heaven, the Scriptures say,  
When first repentance sheds its hallowing ray,  
Than if the myriads of saints uprose,

Those who had buffeted life's hardest blows  
Unmoved, unshocked ; had seen the day-spring's  
light

Steadily beam upon them through the night,  
The long night of their travail. Joy was given  
To the bright ranks of Cherubims in Heaven  
At that poor Maid's forgiveness, as she strove  
To work her glory, and to prove her love !

She tore herself away—"For me, too pure,  
Thou darling child"—and with quick hand she gave  
A rosary into her grasp. "Be sure  
Thou giv'st this to thy father, and him tell  
'Leah forgives him ;' bid him now dispel  
All memory of her in her lonely grave!—  
Heaven ! thou hast heard, and thou wilt bless me  
now ;

Thou hast removed my labour from my brow,  
And I will wander to the western home,  
The Land of Promise, where no more can come

Trouble and sorrow." On that wan, pale face  
Beamed God's own light,—and she had left the  
place.

The child was wonder-filled ; her young life's day  
Knew not such agony as Leah's. " Stay,"  
She cried—" kind Lady ;" but the echoes woke  
Sullen response to all the words she spoke.  
" Father !"—and on the threshold Rudolf stood,  
Fair Madelene beside him. " Would I could  
Have found her, Madelene ; that I could see  
Her face once more, and hear her say to me  
That she forgave me. I could happier die  
If I could help her from her poverty.—  
What say you, child ?"

" There was a lady here  
She gave me this for you."

" Is Leah so near ?"  
Brake from his lips. " I know this rosary,  
She snatched it from me on my wedding day.



Where is the lady, child, which way went she?  
False pride no longer bids my heart delay."

"I see her, see her!" Soon as they espied,  
They sped their footsteps quickly to her side.  
Her limbs were weary, and her strength was gone,  
Long days and nights had worn her to the bone;  
She had not wandered far. They raised her form,  
Weakened by reason of life's heavy storm.

There was one long, long spirit-yielding look,  
One silent tremor both their bosoms shook,  
And all was over, evermore. Their love  
Was past in one sense, yet in heaven above  
It still was clear as is the noonday sun,  
In that wide glass love's sands would never run.  
"Ah, Madelene!" whispered that angel heart,  
"My fathers call me, and I must depart!  
See, Madelene, I take his hand, but 'tis  
To place it in thine own, may Heaven's bliss

Be yours for ever."

"Leah, thou must not die!

Once more on earth our spirits meet together:

Oh! let death at our glad reunion fly,

Nor leave his sting the flowers of life to wither."

One look she gave him. "It can never be!

I am too happy in my bliss to live;

What use were now all earthly gems to me?

I seek a nobler joy than they can give!"

Her head sank down upon that once-loved breast.

"Rudolf, farewell! my blessing on thee still!

I am too happy far to live; my rest

The thoughts of Heaven seem gently to distil."

There was a sound, a heavy, moving tread

Of hurrying footsteps; then swelled loud and dread

The cry of voices, and upon the scene

Rushed Bertolf with his myrmidons: "Obscene

Jewess, thou'rt here,"—through his clenched teeth

he hissed,

Here is the warrant for thy capture, list !"  
But Rudolf turned with anger in his look,  
" Hush, Bertolf, hush thy voice ! I cannot brook  
This rage, for thy poor, helpless victim lying  
Here in my arms, is in her sorrow dying !"

But scarce had Rudolf syllabled his name  
When Leah raised her almost fainting frame,  
Roused with strange energy. " Let me but see  
This Bertolf's face"—she looked—" 'Tis he ! 'tis he !"  
She cried aloud, " Nathan, and thou art there ?  
Why dost *thou* not thy race's troubles share ?  
Attend ye all ! This man ye so have cherished,  
Before his nature had in falsehood perished,  
Was but a Jew !" Then on that wondering throng  
Fell the conviction of her heinous wrong  
At this man's hands. " A Jew !" exclaimed the  
crowd,  
" A Jew, thou, Bertolf, Nathan !"—and aloud  
Broke the deep curse upon him. On his brow

Thick drops of chilly sweat were clustering now,  
His face was livid, for the truth, now told,  
Could a long chain of mysteries unfold !  
But *one* more effort ere his doom was cast,  
One act of hatred, though it be his last.  
The crowd looked threatening at him. " Friends,  
she *lied*."

" I do *not* lie ! I stand before my God !  
'Twas by thy hand the old man, Abram, died ;  
Well wer't for thee if thou his path had trod."  
All chance was over now. With a fierce bound,  
Drawing a knife, he sprang across the ground.  
" This be thy fate, she-devil, like his, who  
Tried to keep from me all my well-earned due !"  
Bright gleamed the dagger, but his arm was stayed  
By Rudolf's, and the deadly point delayed ;  
Forced back by crowds, his hands together bound,  
His sin found out, he glared on all around—  
" Fools that ye were ! *this* is the end of all  
Your boasted confidence, which yet could fall

On a Jew's whisper.—" One within his reach  
Ordered the desperate man to check his speech.

Then shrilly piercing was the Jewess' cry,  
" The God of Heaven speaks to me from on high,  
As Jael smote the tyrant Sisera's head  
So I to thee ! Thy villain course is sped :  
Die, traitor, die !" —and quick as thought she drew  
A poniard from her girdle-brace, and flew  
To work her vengeance. But a higher power  
Than mortal arm restrained her in that hour—  
She loosed the weapon. " Thine, oh ! Heaven, thine  
Is all the vengeance, and Thou wilt repay  
All that Thou deemest due to me and mine ;  
Thine is the hour, and Thine the appointed day !"  
A more than earthly beauty had she now,  
A heavenly halo seemed to crown her brow.  
Alas ! alas ! 'twas but the last strong force  
Of vital energy's fast-failing course.  
She staggered, fell—'twas in Rudolf's embrace ;

He gazed once more upon her dying face,  
He slowly sank upon his bended knees  
To give her dying moments greater ease ;  
Upon her features played a cherub light—  
“ Farewell, my Rudolf, we will meet once more—  
My days are ended, I have fought my fight.”  
Her eyes slow closed, and Leah’s life was o’er !

Was she not happier now ? Aye, happier far  
Than e’er on earth. Her once so beaming star  
Had set, had waned ; but though to mortal sight  
All now was past, was buried in the night,  
Far, far away, upon a happier shore,  
She ransomed lives in joy for evermore.  
All the dark clouds of earth had passed away,  
All the dull shades which dimmed her youthful

May,

And she was happy. Yet a little time  
And all her friends would reach that distant clime  
Where she now waited them. Oh ! thou most fair

Of earthly fair ones, grander joys to share  
Is now thy glorious future ! Thou most pure,  
Who couldst such bitterness of woe endure,  
Blest be thy sleep ! Thy spirit from its clay,  
In one loud burst of music wings its way  
Beyond Heaven's firmament ! Farewell ! Farewell !  
Thy sweet forgiveness tolled thy dying knell,  
Blest angels guard thy soul ! Thy bitter woes  
Are lost for ever in the deep repose  
Of joy, seraphic bliss ! Once more, farewell !  
Farewell to thee, since thou hast ceased to dwell  
Among us here, and never more can sorrow  
Dim the calm sweetness of thy bright to-morrow !

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## MINOR POEMS.



## MINOR POEMS.

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### Rolandseck.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

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#### I.



O! Trumpeters set forward  
And blazon through the land  
The Royal Proclamation,  
Signed with the King's own hand;  
Bid all the mighty warriors  
Flock forth to Charlemagne,  
And raise the Royal standard  
For the march against fair Spain.

## II.

Go by the north, where Denmark  
Its icy shores displays,  
And where in lofty glory  
Stands the castle of Malaise ;  
Go by the northern Baltic,  
By the fields of stainless snow,  
Where the everlasting plains of ice  
In whirling mazes glow !  
Go to the eastern Francia,  
The East of the sunlit land,  
To the knights of Malerna towers,  
The chiefs of the knightly band.

## III.

And go to the East, where the Euxine  
Rolls his sluggish tide from the shore,  
And the beach is strewn with the fragments  
Of wrecks, that will sail no more !

And herald down fair Gallia,  
From the bitter Northern seas  
To the base of the giant mountains,  
The snow-capped Pyrenees ;  
Where in the golden sunlight,  
Lies the boundary of Spain ;  
Where bud the brightest vineyards,  
The vintage of Champagne.

## IV.

And through the sands of Europe,  
Cross Holland's murky plain,  
Across the Alps' high summits,  
Through Germany, to Maine ;  
Through the sunny plains of Tuscany,  
Down to the rushing Po,  
Beneath the sun of Italy,  
The sun of fiercest glow,  
To where the bay of Naples  
Gleams in the morning light,

Where the fire-breathing mountain  
Rolls its thunders through the night ;  
Up to the icy Baltic,  
Up to the freezing north !  
To bear the kingly message  
Went the Royal heralds forth.

## V.

Where o'er the swan-like bosom  
Of the ever-running Rhine,  
The bright green hills of Drachenfels,  
With golden vineyards shine ;  
On the towers of a castle  
The fleeting sunbeams gleam,  
A massy granite castle,  
Which overlooks the stream.  
And as the day departing,  
Its dying radiance shed,  
It tinged the hoary turrets  
With a glow of fiery red ;

And on the violet hills above,  
    Amid the blooming thyme,  
Sat Hildegunde and Roland,  
    And listened to the chime  
Of Nonnenwerth's sweet abbey bells,  
    That swelled out loud amain,  
And then, as if exhausted,  
    Ceased their music once again.

## VI.

That castle on the Drachenfels  
    Was Hildegunde's abode ;  
And many a mailed warrior  
    Its ringing courtyard trode :  
And her father ruled the valley  
    That stretches green below,  
The Lord of the ' Sieben Gebirge,'  
    The knight of the unbent bow.  
And never castle held a form  
    In beauty could compare

With the smiling Hildegunda,  
She was so wondrous fair !

## VII.

And Roland was her lover,  
The chief Paladin of France,  
The hero of the golden shield,  
The hero of the lance ;  
First in the ranks of chivalry,  
First in the brunt of war,  
Unconquered, save by woman's eyes  
On fair Nonnenwerth shore.

## VIII.

The Royal proclamation  
Had been heard that very day,  
And that same night, on his brave steed,  
Rode Roland far away.  
But ere he went he craved a boon,  
Upon his bended knee,—



—“ My Hildegunde, my Hildegunde,  
Now listen, Sweet, to me.  
Before I hence depart to fight,  
And war's hard toils to share,  
Give me a dear love-token, mine,  
A tress of nut-brown hair.”  
And tremblingly she gave it him,  
And breathed a last “ Adieu,”  
And in the purple evening  
Soon his form was lost to view :  
And long she gazèd after him,  
And watched his fading track,  
And heaving many a deep-drawn sigh  
She sadly wished him back.

## IX.

But a long year passed slow away,  
And Roland never came ;  
And she'd wander on the Drachenfels,  
And breathe to them his name.

Till one dark night a pilgrim  
Knocked at the castle gate,  
And craved a kind admission,  
For most wretched was his state.

## X.

They brought the palmer to the hall ;  
"Say, stranger, whence you come,  
And how, in such a sorry plight,  
You be so far from home ?

## XI.

"I've come, fair maid, from Roncesvalles,  
And the sunny fields of Spain,  
To my native hills of Germany,  
And my home upon the Maine."  
"From Spain !" cried Hildegunda,  
And her eyes grew bright again,  
"Hast seen Roland the Paladin,  
In the far off land of Spain ?"

## XII.

“ Alas ! alas ! Poor Roland ? Yes,  
He stood hard by my side,  
And on a pile of corpses  
The gallant warrior died :  
'Twas his good right arm only  
That kept the foe at bay  
From sunrise in the morning  
Till the fading of the day.”—  
But down fell Hildegunda,  
Bent down the golden head,  
She lay all stiff and motionless,  
She lay as lie the dead :  
And down the pilgrim's rugged cheek  
There stole a silent tear,  
And he softly murmured to himself,  
“ Poor girl, she loved the Peer.”

## XIII.

Hast thou ever seen the lily  
    Beaten down with heavy rain,  
So it was with Hildegunda,  
    For she never smiled again.  
But when her life flowed back to her,  
    She would that instant go  
To take the veil at Nonnenwerth,  
    That lies so far below.  
Nor could her household stay her,  
    Nor her father's pleading voice ;  
A life secluded, and apart,  
    Would henceforth be her choice.  
" Father, farewell," she murmured,  
    " Your parting love I crave ;  
You'll never more see Hildegunde,  
    I only wish the grave."  
Then she went her from the castle  
    Beyond the studded gate,

Tears were standing in her eyes, and slow  
 And saddened was her gait:  
 Then down the rock she wandered,  
 To Nonnenwerth's fair shore,  
 Where the mighty Rhine was dashing,  
 With a low continuous roar.  
 She thought of him who loved her once,  
 Who now was lying dead  
 On Roncevalles fatal field;  
 Would she had died instead!  
 But ere another day rolled on  
 Its swiftly winged hours,  
 Fair Hildegunda was a nun  
 In Nonnenwerth's grey towers.

XIV.

And when brown Autumn came apace,  
 And all the hills were bright,  
 And the grain grew golden as the fire  
 That lights dark Ætna's height;

And the year was slowly waning,  
And the summer had declined,  
And the yellow leaves upon the trees  
Fell with the faintest wind ;  
One glorious autumn evening,  
There rode a mailed knight,  
Weary, and tired, along the path  
Which leads up to the height :  
And he was the very Roland,  
Who the Pilgrim old had said  
Fell slain on Roncesvalles field  
Among the heaps of dead :  
And he blew his horn without the gates,  
And he thundered the oak beside ;  
And it was Roland of the shield,  
Come back to claim his bride !

## XV.

But when he heard the fatal news,  
That she was his no more,  
Lost in the Church's close embrace ;  
He felt that *all* was o'er !

Then a vow the warrior registered,  
That never would he roam  
Far from Nonnenwerth's fair nunnery,  
His Hildegunda's home ;  
That every eve at sunset,  
When her window oped for air,  
He might catch a glimpse of her dear form,  
The face to him so fair.  
And on Rolands-Eck, that frowns so high  
Above the whirling foam,  
He built a noble castle,  
That might henceforth be his home.

## XVI.

Through long, long years he kept his watch  
Unceasing day by day,  
Gazed for her window's opening,  
As each sunset died away ;  
And he'd look in her direction,  
Till he saw the well loved face ;

And he'd sigh, and pray to Heaven  
For a speedy resting place,  
When his sorrows would be numbered,  
And his sins would be confest,  
And his tired heart have respite,  
And his weary soul have rest :  
And he'd think of Hildegunda,  
Till her form would seem to rise ;  
Till a choking swelled up in his throat,  
And the tears stood in his eyes.  
So in the lapse of years his life  
Began to ebb its sands,  
And nerveless was the arm once strong,  
And weakened were the hands.

## XVII.

A nun on Nonnenwerth's fair isle,  
A much loved sister, died,  
'Twas Hildegunde, the golden-haired,  
Nonnenwerth's fairest pride.



And as the notes of the burial chant  
Came floating on the air,  
Roland was carried out, upon  
A pile of velvet fair :  
And he heard the name of Hildegunde  
Come floating on the breeze ;  
And he gazed once more on Drachenfels,  
Upon its fields and trees.  
A smile of heavenly beauty  
Lit the dying warrior's face,  
And his soul grew gladdened, as it drew  
So nigh its resting-place.  
He murmured, " Hildegunda,  
In death I come to thee !  
We'll never, *never* part again,  
Through all eternity.  
I see thee now, my darling,  
Beck'ning to me cross the tide"—  
And with her name upon his lips,  
The glorious hero died.

## Epitaph on "Stonewall" Jackson.

---



AND thou art here, who but a short time  
since  
Swayed thousands by a motion of thy  
hand ;

Nipt in the bud thy glorious promise dies,  
As Time turns round his ever-running sand.

Guiltless of ever an unmanly thought,  
Love for thy country was thy only crime,  
One of thy many graces, till thy name  
Was wiped for ever from the page of Time !

Slain by the men, who would have gladly died

To save thee from a moment's anxious thought,  
Willing to die, if by that sacrifice

Thee back to earth they could again have brought.

For ah ! thy country needs thy utmost aid,

Too soon swept off to be of lasting good :

Freedom departed, what is life but death,

When in the veins runs proud, yet servile,  
blood !

Why should remorseless death have borne thee off ?

Thy stay on earth was like a fleeting dream ;

Mortals will ever trample on the great,

And brightest gold but worthless tinsel deem.

The noblest record thou hast left behind,

The brightest jewel in thy crown of fame,

Is the warm love of many a humble heart

That thrilled so gladly at thy welcome name !

Hushed in the sleep of death thou liest now,  
And nerveless is that once so powerful hand,  
Yet thy short life has gained a noble fame,  
Won thee a place among the Heroes' band.

Sleep calmly on, till Time itself is gone,  
In thy all honoured and last resting place ;  
Sleep till the trumpet rouse thee from the dead,  
Thou noblest pattern of a noble race !

## Life.

---



LIFE is a summer's day. Sweet infancy  
heralds the dawning,  
And all its varying changes are nought  
but the phases of nature  
Under an opposite form. She guides man's steps  
through his sojourn  
Here upon earth, till he dies, and life departs as  
the daylight  
Fades into twilight and night. The noon is the  
season of manhood,  
Full of fresh vigour and strength like a giant  
roused from his slumber.

Then comes the prime of life, and the sun goes  
down in his glory

As the once powerful man declines in his strength  
and his vigour.

Then comes the grave-like night, and hid in its  
deepest recesses

Men are as far from light as night is opposed to the  
morning.

Then dawns another day, but not like the last ever-  
fading,

Never to cease its light while eternity rolls on its  
ages.

## Trust.

---



FAREWELL, Farewell, ye transient hopes  
that fled  
So quickly when the days of youth had  
sped !

Farewell to life, my heart is with the dead,  
Yet still I trust.

All I most loved is past, for ever past !  
Over my coming years a cloud is cast ;  
Oh ! but the brightest sunshine fleeth fast !  
Yet still I trust.

Hope, wilt thou come to cheer my spirit yet?  
Hope, wilt thou teach that spirit to forget  
All that of sorrow it hath ever met?  
For still I trust.

Father, wilt lend to me a kindly ear,  
Father, wilt ease my spirit from its fear;  
Send but thy grace to make its dwelling here;  
On Thee I trust.



## The Spirit Song.

---



THROUGH the glittering mass of the  
sunbeams I fly,  
And dash pearls from the briny spray,  
'Mid the regions of clouds my pinions I ply  
O'er the track of the azure way.

The low Zephyrs sigh through my robes of light,  
Softly wafting me over the sea,  
And I sleep on the winds through the silver  
night,  
Hushed off by their sweet lullaby

I flit like a bird o'er the regions of earth,  
And my soft whispered counsels oft shed  
A comforting hope, or a burst of mirth,  
To cherish the drooping head.

I ride on the crests of the white-topped waves  
As they burst in foam on the shore,  
And I dive to the depths of the Ocean caves  
Midst the din of the tempest's roar.

When clouds hang low o'er a mourner's soul  
And the future seems barren and dead,  
And the billows of sorrow begin to roll  
Their tide o'er the weary head—

Then I steal like a thought to the troubled  
breast,  
And whisper the comfort of Heaven,  
And send on the poor broken spirit the rest,  
Which but to the wearied is given.

Then away, away to the regions of day,

Let me wing my freedom on high,

And happily frolic my years away

In the vault of the summer sky!

## The Christian Martyr.

(SUGGESTED BY THE PAINTING OF DELAROCHE.)

---



OFT fell the light o'er the wave, and  
shower'd its brightness upon her  
Slowly floating along, with her hands tied  
tightly behind her ;  
Sweet was the calm, calm smile which shone on her  
deathly pale features,  
Sweet was the aspect of peace which illumined the  
face of the maiden.  
Inez, the innocent girl, why had they so ruthlessly  
murdered  
One who was lov'd by all! Why had not the arm  
of the Mighty

Been stretched to shield her from those who destroyed  
so lovely a flower.—

Trouble was over for her, though never the blossom  
had ripened,

Nipt off, alas, in the bud, while its just opening fragrance

Basked in the love of the pure. Yet a life was  
past and was over !

One bright name was erased from Time's ever-varying  
pages,

One sweet soul had reached its rest from every  
trouble,

One young victim had found an early grave to close  
o'er her,

One loving spirit now stood in joy, amid the ranks  
of the blessed,

Leaving the dark dark world, and all its changes  
behind her,

All the cold troubles of earth, to breathe in the  
sunshine of Heaven,

Quitting the weary path while others were toiling  
and striving.

Hard had been life's short labour! but she was at  
rest, and for ever ;

Other bosoms might bleed, other hearts might bow  
down in their anguish,

*Her* cares were over now, when her childhood was  
scarcely completed.

All the future was happy, all dreams of sorrow were  
over,

All the vexing thoughts which harass the minds of  
the mortal,

And her spirit had flown to seek, in the kingdom of  
Heaven,

Peace, that was wanting on earth,—had burst the  
body's frail bondage,

Leaving a relic behind of her who had once lived  
and sorrowed,

Leaving a name behind, the name of a Christian  
Martyr.

Pale fell the light on her face, and lit it up  
with a glory  
Sprung from the fountain of grace. Yes, Inez, thy  
trouble was over,  
Never more wouldst thou know the curse of labour  
and sorrow,  
Happiness, longed for on earth, is thine in the  
kingdom of Heaven !

## To-Morrow.

---



UT not off from to-day

Lest it bring you sorrow,

Work to-day with zeal

To earn a bright to-morrow.

Let not pleasure's paths

Tempt you from your duty,

Pass the flowers by,

Though they glow with beauty.



Throw the feelings down,  
That seek to perish idle,  
Lest you find too late  
Your love is but an idol.

Lest you feel your heart,  
After days of pleasure,  
Has lost its peace and joy,  
Its rarest, rarest treasure

Never to return  
Fly the days of youth,  
Never to return  
Fly early love and truth

And our life is aye  
But a vale of tears,  
Clouds shut out the sun,  
And rarely joy appear .

And the veil updrawn,  
Shews a scene of sorrow,  
Only hope is there  
To cheer the dark to-morrow !

## To Kate.

---



H! would that our hearts were together,  
Linked close by the spirit of love,  
That our happiness never might wither,  
Nor its sunshine the winter remove.

Oh! would that our spirits were living  
Far away from the presence of care,  
Far away from all trouble and striving,  
And the sorrows that mortals must bear!

Time will never more see me light-hearted,  
As I think of the days that are past,

Before the glad visions departed,  
Or the shadow was over us cast.

The spirit that once has been blighted,  
Can blossom and flourish no more,  
As when in the desert benighted  
The wayfarer's journey is o'er.

## Bequest.

---



H! the cruel, cruel hardness, that rules  
the woman's breast,  
Oh! the wretched, wretched sorrow,  
that knows no pitying rest,  
Oh! the cold, cold accents uttered by lips till now  
so dear,  
No kindly voice to comfort, and no eye to drop a  
tear!  
Death is better far than life when all the path is  
in the shade,  
When all the treasured hopes, have been, alas! too  
long delayed.

For the grave is as oblivion, when the future bides  
alone,

And all the records of the past lie neath the burial  
stone ;

In the land of heavenly sunshine will the spirit  
freely roam

No longer on a foreign shore, but on its happy  
home.

Yet what are these but fancies ? Must we hate our  
life below

Because our lot is void of joy, and seems to yield  
but woe ?

No, no, cast off the idle thought, mount up the  
hill of life,

Throw behind all dull despondency, and bravely  
bear the strife !

It is madness thus to linger ; never let us dream,  
but *do*,

And follow in our eagerness, the aim we have in  
view !

Borne upon the wings of fancy let us upward ever  
climb,

To win the mighty masterpiece, the wonderwork  
of Time !

Spurning neath our feet the grovelling earth, on,  
on, let all be done,

Let none give o'er his labour till his course be  
fully run !

Let the world produce its pleasures, they will ever  
hide a thorn,

And bear in sorrow sorrows and mourning cause  
to mourn.

The fleeting, fleeting pleasures for a lifetime only  
last,

One hour perhaps will ruin them, and then, our  
life is past.

Without one noble action springing from a noble  
mind,

Without a single monument of worth to leave  
behind !

And the darkness shrouds the memory, and hides  
it from the light,  
And dark oblivion rises up, and wraps it in the  
night !  
No,—let the dayspring of thy life be rendered  
clear as noon,  
Thou shalt not wish the final rest, 'twill only come  
too soon ;  
But when it comes to bid thee hence, hence to a  
purer clime,  
Thou wilt leave behind a name of pride upon the  
page of Time ;  
Nor can the lapse of years decay, though centuries  
should roll  
Their endless wearing on thy fame, can that obscure  
the whole !  
Leave behind all puny wishes, and fix the mind  
above ?  
And let the human heart be one grand monument  
of love !



Track thro' the far-stretched journey the vision  
of the end,  
Let longing, pride, affection, all their noblest  
feelings lend ;  
So shall the path of life grow sweet, nor will the  
heart grow faint,  
Nor wish an instant's respite, or breathe one sad  
complaint.  
This is what life was meant to be, free from all  
doubt and fear  
To harass the poor strugglers in the mighty desert  
here ;  
A lesson have we all to learn, hard is the thought  
to give,  
Though dark may seem to be our lot, yet 'tis a  
boon to live!

## Trasimene.

---



HERE the old Carthaginian fought his  
fight of old  
Is now a radiant sheet of liquid gold,  
And in the west a faint expiring ray  
Sheds the last glory of the dying day.  
Here, Trasimene, by thy rippling tide,  
In bygone ages many a soldier died,—  
Breathed the last sigh from out his valiant breast,  
And calmly sank into his last long rest.  
Rather than see the field he could not save  
' Died sword in hand, and filled a soldier's grave !  
Ah ! cruel God of War ! if every stone  
Could speak, 'twould tell of many a dying groan,

Of eyes, once bright, closed in the sleep of death,  
 Of blessings muttered with life's latest breath,  
 Of thoughts reverting to a long past day,  
 Thoughts of kind friends though they be far  
     away!

Ah! for the agonising hopes and fears,  
 The widow's sorrow and the orphan's tears,  
 When fugitives from the desperate conflict come  
 Telling a tale to darken many a home!

The sun has sank, and now to light the skies  
 Among the planets see the moon arise!  
 The rosy hue has faded, and instead  
 Luna's soft beams a silver radiance shed.  
 'Tis vain for mortals e'er indeed to say  
 Whether the night be beauteous as the day,  
 One the more splendid, glorious and bright,  
 The other calmer with its soft, faint light!

## The Dream.

---



WATCHED it on its murmuring way,  
A single sunbeam on it lay  
Lighting it up with glorious ray,

Amid the forest maze.

I heard its faint and silvery sound  
Plash merrily o'er the mossy ground  
By grassy hillock and mossy mound,  
Secret from mortal gaze.

I stood beside that fountain head,  
And watched it as its course it sped  
Among the waving trees ;  
And while I gazed I seemed to hear  
Sweet fairy voices soft and clear  
Come wafted on the breeze.

In many a shape the branches spread  
A leafy covering o'er my head  
    To shade me from the day,  
And leaves soft whispered as they shook,  
And musically sang the brook  
    Upon its devious way.

Like veins upon the velvet grass  
The gnarlèd oak-roots interpass,  
    Peering above the ground ;  
The ancient trunks in vast array,  
Stretching to darkness far away,  
    Like guardians stand around.

Reclining in that forest dell  
Almost unconsciously I fell  
    Into a slumber mild ;  
I cannot tell how short it seemed  
To me, as when asleep I dreamed  
    I was again a child.

Methought I passed the days of yore,  
And lived again as once before  
    A happy, happy time ;  
But no, ah no ! it cannot be,  
My day is past, no more for me  
    Youth spreads its golden prime !

I dreamt I saw our cottage door,  
The little lattice as before  
    Where grew my briar rose ;  
I saw the ivy-covered spire,  
The hall where lived our good old squire,  
    The village school and close.

And hazy visions of the past,  
Too bright, too comforting to last,  
    Pass, dimly seen, before !  
Reality destroys their face,  
Truth does not countenance their place,  
    And so they fade once more.

Memorials of a day gone by  
When life's broad path seemed straight to lie,  
    Shades of what once has been,  
Stay! while my heart can satiate  
With fulness of the bygone state,  
Ere yet its hardening self can mate  
    With things I since have seen.

For oh! those times were happier far,  
Ere sin could blight or sorrow mar,  
    Than all my life-time since;  
For brightly shines the sun of truth,  
And casts a halo round the youth  
    Of Peasant and of Prince!

I saw them stretching far away,  
The dizzy phantoms of a day  
    Past and for ever gone!  
Never, never to return  
While Time his running sand can turn,  
    The future shines alone!

I saw, too, many faces dear  
Of those who are no longer here  
    But on a better shore,  
Dear little Kate and darling May,  
And many others seem to say,  
    “ Mourn not, we'll meet once more !”

Ah ! Memory is the book of God,  
Retrospect is a chastening rod,  
    A vast omniscient plan,  
To make us see what once we were,  
And with our present state compare  
    The childhood of the man !

I saw the wood, I saw the lane,  
Where first unused to care and pain  
    We wandered in the spring,  
To pluck the newly opening flowers ;  
How rapidly fled by the hours,  
    In mirth and rollicking !



Yet why recall the empty cot,  
As, one by one, they left the spot  
    In distant towns to slave !  
The village church-yard has a stone  
Placed 'neath a willow all alone,  
    It marks my mother's grave.

Oh Mother, Mother, when I think  
Of thee my manhood seems to shrink,  
    The test I cannot bear ;  
Oh close the book, show me no more  
Of the events and deeds of yore,  
I know enough of memory's store,  
    Further I will not dare !

\*           \*           \*           \*

I thought I heard the village chime,  
Sound as it did in bygone time,  
    Ring from the belfry old,  
The hour of evening prayer to tell,  
In sacred accents swung the bell,  
    And then I heard it tolled !

Back, futile visions of the Past !  
Back to oblivious shade !  
Racked with a bitter pain I woke,  
And saw the forest glade.  
The murmuring streamlet still rushed on,  
And o'er the pebbles played ;  
And sighing, as I rose to leave,  
Thus to myself I said :—  
“ Years have passed o'er my head since then,  
The lads have now grown up to men,  
And left those scenes of joy ;  
But never, never shall I see  
Such happy, happy days to me,  
As when I was a boy !”

Erra.

---

PART I.



THE day's fast fading, Uncle Tom, and  
you must come with me  
To where the lake's broad waters seem  
as boundless as the sea,  
For the sun is fast declining, and the daylight will  
decay,  
And we shall have the glow-worm's lamp to light  
us on our way.

Oh! let us wander in among the mazes of the  
wood,

And see the sun far distant make the waters glow  
like blood,  
And stand among the giant oaks, and hear the  
blackbirds sing,  
And mark the throttles warbling forth in endless  
revelling :

And sit upon the banks of moss, which nurse the  
cuckoo flowers,  
And pull the honeysuckle boughs that make such  
pretty bowers ;  
And then I'll make a rose-wreath, and twine the  
flowers for you,  
And weave a garland for your head of buds and  
harebells blue.

Do you think, Uncle Tom, on earth there is a  
prettier place  
Than where our little rivulet joins Adam Green's  
mill race ?

Where alder bushes shade the stream, and pink-  
tipped daisies grow,  
And like a purple carpeting the scented violets  
blow !

There, when the sun has ceased his light and  
evening closes round,  
You'll take me on your knee and sit upon the  
velvet ground,  
And tell me that sweet story of the little gentle  
child,  
Who never answered evil words when wicked men  
reviled.

Who slept in a lowly stable the night that He was  
born,  
While angels sang the livelong night up to the  
Christmas dawn,  
And then that bright bright star shone forth and  
shewed the Eastern Kings

The humble place where they should take their  
golden offerings.

That tale's so pretty, Uncle Tom, that you've so  
often told,

And so is that about the Sheep, the Shepherd and  
His fold ;

Does that big book you're always reading tell the  
tales to you,

And when I'm older may I read the pretty stories  
too ?

Did Jesus love the wicked men who killed Him  
long ago ?

And can He see me, Uncle Tom, now I am here  
below ?

Can He always hear me pray to Him, since He  
lives up so high ?

Does the music of our morning hymn pierce  
through the deep blue sky ?

And do you love Him, Uncle Tom, because for  
you He died ?

And has He ever come down here since He was  
crucified ?

I wish that I could see Him, but He don't come  
down to me ;

Yet shall we both go up to Heaven and all the  
glory see ?

But come with me, dear Uncle Tom, for fast the  
sun is falling,

And from the waving branches you can hear the  
blackbirds calling.

We first must see the sunset flash in crimson on the  
lake,

Then stay to watch the shining stars climb in the  
daylight's wake.

## PART II.



YOU are crying, Uncle Tom, though you  
think I cannot see,  
The tears course down between your  
hands, you're crying, Tom, for me!  
You needn't be so sorrowful because I'm going  
away;  
Remember what you've told to me about the dawn-  
ing day:

I don't mean earthly mornings, though glad the  
sunbeams fall,  
There is another brightness which far outshines  
them all;



You've often told me, Uncle Tom, how sweet  
    'twould be to go  
Up to His home, and leave this world of sin and  
    care below.

My life's been very pleasant, Tom, I'm very young  
    to die,  
But yet, I think, I'll gladly go where Jesus waits  
    on high ;  
And death will make me go to Him and ease me  
    of my pain,  
And there we'll meet together, Tom, and never  
    part again.

I think I'm dying now, Tom, my spirit seems to  
    bound

Within my breast, as if the soul its rest had nearly  
    found.

You must lay me in the ground, Tom, where  
    the weeping willows wave,  
And plant with early violets your little Eva's grave.

I am going to my resting-place, beneath the grass  
to lie,

While the branches murmur o'er my head their  
plaintive melody ;

And please to plant my lily on the spot above my  
head,

For no one loves my flower but you,—so tend it  
when I'm dead.

You must often come and see me there, where  
we've so often been

When the chestnut trees were leafy, and the  
willow boughs were green ;

I've had such happy, happy days since first you  
came to Clare,

The thought of seeing you no more is what I can-  
not bear !

Please reach my little Bible, for it's lying close  
beside,

Just turn and you can reach it, so you needn't quit  
my side ;  
I hope I am not tiring you, but I feel very weak,  
It won't be long before my tongue has ceased on  
earth to speak.

I wish you'd find the place for me, you know the  
place I want,  
For my hands are growing feeble, and I feel as  
though I can't,  
How Jesus took the children and words of pity  
said,  
And laid His kindly hands upon each little infant's  
head.

And does He care for children now as much as in  
those days,  
And pay as much attention when their prayers to  
Him they raise ?

I hope He loves me, Uncle Tom, because I love  
Him so,  
Although I've never seen His face at present here  
below !

You mustn't mourn for me, Tom, nor wish me back  
again,  
I only go a journey out of trouble and of pain ;  
And though you'll miss me sadly, Uncle Tom,  
at first I fear,  
You must dry your eyes for love of me—promise  
me, Uncle dear ?

And when my longing soul has burst the body's  
mortal shell  
Cut off a lock of Eva's hair, for Eva loved you well,  
And give a piece to all the slaves, to Rekab and her  
son,  
For that will sometimes mind them of me when  
I'm dead and gone.

It's getting dark, dear Uncle, and the world goes  
off to rest,  
Just place your hand behind my head, and lean it  
on your breast,  
It's getting rather cold now, and my chest begins  
to chill,  
You will remember all I've said, say Uncle that  
you will.

Where are you? I can't see you, but I hear your  
bated breath,  
And I feel a solemn stupor creep—Oh Uncle, is  
this death?  
And though the world is dark I see a brightly  
shining light,  
I'm sure it must be Heaven, for it turns to day the  
night!

Oh! I see the heavens opening, and I see my  
Saviour dear,

He seems to beckon to me, and say, "Eva, do not  
fear!"

Good bye, dear Tom, for ever, for I'm going, going  
home,

To live with Christ for evermore. Redeemer! God!  
I come!

## Horace.

LIB. I. ODE 38.

PERSICOS ODI, PUER, APPARATUS, ETC.

---



ENCE with the sickly pleasures of the  
East,  
Seek not with Persian meats to deck the  
feast,

Nor longer linger, wasting youth's bright hours,  
In vain desire to pluck the late rose flowers.

The verdant myrtle is without compare  
Fittest of garlands for the slave to wear,  
Nor will disgrace his master, neath his vines  
Reclining as he quaffs his choicest wines.

## Spring.

---



ORTH bursts the light, back flies the  
winter's pall,

Fresh from the gloom the sunshine  
breaks its thrall ;

In varied hues bud forth the opening flowers,

In sportive gentleness flit by the hours :

Earth dons her verdure, and expels the snows,

While o'er the land a gentle zephyr blows :

Dew decks the grass, upsprings each tiny blade,

Lest it return from sunshine back to shade ! ..



But stay! What nymph approaches with her  
train?

'Tis Spring, she comes to claim her just domain!  
Down bend the shooting grass-blades at her feet,  
Grow drunk with joy, with happiness complete;  
'Mid the thick air hums loud the toiling bee,  
Flies shake their wings, and break their lethargy.

Through the new budding groves of waving trees  
She comes, her garments rustling in the breeze;  
Smiling her face, her head is crowned with flowers,  
Violets and snowdrops, while around she showers  
Warmth, genial light, and gladness. On her  
breast

A gentle turtle-dove has made its nest,  
And cooing gently seeks to vent his love  
In soft drawn cadence to the fair above.  
Her mantle hem drawn on the dewy ground,  
Gives forth a pleasant light and tinkling sound;  
A sound of happiness to come, and peace,  
Of future sunshine for the spring-time's lease.

First in the train, far stretching from the sight,  
Comes Cheerfulness, in shining garments dight ;  
Next, followed by a host of twinkling feet,  
Bound Joy and Pleasure, the new year to greet ;  
Mixed is their train, glad are their smiling looks,  
Unknown to grey-beards, and unread in books.  
Near them are found rough Exercise and Sport,  
Nor would sweet Health be long unfound, if  
sought.

Next comes the Goddess to the earth most dear,  
Fairest Divinity, whom all revere  
Both in thine own and in a lower sphere—  
Bright Flora ! flowers does she fling around,  
That falling root and brighten all the ground.  
Hail ! fairest Spring ! Hail ! to the coming time,  
Of Health and Happiness in all their prime,  
Hail ! to the sunshine and the budding trees,  
That 'gin to echo the sweet breathing breeze !  
Spring of the year, we give to thee alone  
A homage paralleled by that to none !

Thou bring'st the earth out of its gloomy cell,  
And scatterest blessings on each hill and dell.  
Hail! bounteous Goddess, thine must be the sway,  
Thrice potent offspring of the light of day!

## “Thoughts.”

---



THE seasons are fading fast  
Year after year,  
And the bright days of happiness  
Soon disappear.

The spirit grows colder  
As waxes the day,  
And the voice that has solaced us  
Fadeth away.

The shades of the twilight  
Are gathering in,  
And the heart is o'er burdened  
With trouble and sin !

All, all that is mortal  
But briefly can last,  
We gaze on the ruins  
Of that which is past !

And memory leaves but  
A faint trace behind,  
And the tie that now binds us  
Soon ceases to bind !

But hope is eternal,  
And lives in the breast  
To comfort the spirit  
And render it rest.

A far greater happiness  
Waits on a shore,  
Where hope is not wanted  
For trouble is o'er !

And Hope is the spirit  
That bids us look on,

Nor relinquish our toil  
Till the journey is done.

For still thro' the darkness  
There glimmers a light,  
That cheereth the fainting  
More bravely to fight.

On, on to the morning  
Our footsteps must tend,  
The labour seems easy  
When blossoms the end.

For oh 'twould be sweet  
To remember the past,  
How ever we struggled  
While trouble could last !

Till at length for our sorrow  
The healing was given,  
And our souls were at rest  
In the kingdom of Heaven !

## Love.

---



LOVE'S like the early youth of spring,  
Ere yet its joy be shorn,  
Like summer's faintly whispering breeze  
That ushers in the dawn !  
Yet vast its power, its magic chain  
Binds e'en the courts above,  
Ah ! what were this poor little world  
If 'twere bereft of love ?

Its gentle influence o'er our hearts  
Steals like the evening breeze,  
That softly sighs itself away  
Among the sleeping trees.

But strong the chains though light they seem,  
    No power the heart can move,  
Or drive from out the human breast  
    The golden sun of love !



## The Death of a Saint.

---



DEATH came, but not in terrors was he  
robed,  
Scarcely a change passed o'er the smiling face

We gazed upon. There was a gentle shock,  
And one long look on those who stood around,  
And then, a smile of joy unutterable  
Flitted across her face ; we heard her say,  
“ Jesus, dear Saviour ! ”—then her eyelids drooped.  
But yet she wore the aspect of a saint,  
Filled with a wondrous grace, as though she saw  
The million hierarchs of Heaven, and caught

The loud "Hosannas" to the Saint of God,  
And heard the ever ringing silver tones  
Throb from the golden harps of those who praise  
The mighty God for ever, in their robes  
Of spotless white! Awhile entranced we gazed  
Upon the form, whose soul had fled for aye,  
The empty shell of what was once so pure,  
So gentle, holy; but the look of grace,  
'Settling upon her face seemed still to say:—  
"Friends, mourn not for me; I am now at rest;  
You would not wish my spirit back again:  
Farewell! dear friends, farewell! we yet may  
meet

Where I am gone before, Farewell, Farewell!"  
The tears stood in mine eyes, deep heart-sprung  
tears,

But then I seemed to hear her sweet toned voice  
Ringing in unison with those above,  
And heavenly music faintly heard afar,  
Was present to my fancy; and I felt

As though I could not wish her back again  
To suffer earth's dull sorrows, and I blessed  
The hour that called her pure young soul away  
For ever to its rest !

## 'Fair passed that Face.'

---



AIR passed that face before, and well I  
remembered the features,  
Features impressed on my heart with  
the mem'ry of happier hours,  
Features of all most dear. Oh ! Editha, star of my  
waking !  
Star that sheds its light on all that passes before  
me,  
Beckoning me on through the mazes of life and its  
troublesome pathways,  
Bidding my heart uprise and ever hope on for the  
future,

Ever hope on to the end, ever look where the bright  
    shining sunbeams  
Burst thro' the thickly spread clouds and raise the  
    soul from its sorrow,  
Teaching the secret of life, and rousing the slum-  
    bering spirit,  
Urging it on to the goal. As the light shines out in  
    the darkness,  
Placed in the cottage window to beckon the tra-  
    veller homewards,  
Home to the warmth of heart that dwells by the  
    bright glowing hearth-stone,  
Home from the cold without, from the cold cutting  
    blast of the north wind  
Ever lie hid in our hearts the seeds of an ardent  
    affection,  
Which, though too oft, alas! left to perish unnoticed,  
    uncared for,  
Are and aye will exist while Time rolls onwards  
    his ages.

Few are the hearts but have a germ of love to  
enlighten

With a relieving hand the gloomy varying  
fancies

Which haunt the human mind till they fill with a  
deep-seated anguish

All that is good in the man, nor utterly warped  
by the contact

With the sullyng dross of the world, its troubles  
and sorrow.

Yes! now I see thy face still beckoning, beckon-  
ing onwards,

Vain 'tis to hold my steps, they will evermore,  
evermore follow

Thee as their guide to death. When, when will  
the darkness of darkness

Burst with the dawn of light, and joy spring forth  
from the shadows,

Shadows of that which is real to *others*, to *me* 'tis  
as fleeting

As the wind, which soft sighs its requiem into the  
distance.

When will my weary eyes open glad on a glorious  
sunshine,

Happier e'en than that when life's dawning path  
seemed the brightest,

Peace blotting out the past, and joy eclipsing the  
sorrow.

# The Death of Priam.

TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL, *ÆN.* 2. 505.

---



PERCHANCE you ask, "And what was  
Priam's fate?"

When first he saw the city's ruined  
state,

Beheld the desolated hearths and homes,  
The blazing minarets and falling domes,  
He arms himself with speed. Vain, foolish boast!  
Thinking to combat the victorious host.  
He girds the sword, fits on the shirt of mail,  
While nodding horsehair plumes his grey locks  
veil.



Within Troy's walls there was a sacred fane,  
Which Priam's high-born spouse had sought to  
gain ;

'Twas shaded by a laurel shrub, but now  
Unheeded stood Apollo's sacred bough.  
Here Priam stayed his steps ; his wife beholds,  
And from the scene of strife her husband holds.  
" What madness, Priam, hath possessed thy brain ?  
The throne thou'st lost, thou never canst regain !  
Why hast thou put on armour ? Dost thou think  
From an old man the Greeks will blindly shrink ?  
Ah ! if my Hector were but now alive,  
The hopes of Troy would speedily revive !  
Seek not the fight, thou canst not Ilium save,  
Then stay and live, or seek with me one grave !"  
So spake the lady, and in sickening fear  
They grasp the altar, soon to be a bier !

But see ! Polites 'scaped from out the fight  
Pyrrhus pursues, resolved to take his life ;  
Bleeding he stumbles through the vacant halls,

Till in his anxious parents' sight he falls.  
Then Priam forgot his danger and his age,  
And spake to Pyrrhus, boiling o'er with rage :  
" For this foul deed, for this most daring crime,  
The Gods above will in the proper time  
Vengeance return fourfold, and give to thee  
Rewards most worthy of thy cruelty.  
Shame ! by thy hands Polites bleeding lies,  
Butchered before his father's loving eyes.  
Coward ! Achilles, thy pretended sire,  
When his heart glowed with Ares' scorching fire,  
Gave back my Hector's body when implored,  
And safely me to Ilium restored.  
But *thou !*" Thus spake he and a javelin cast,  
'Twas feebly thrown ; that throw was Priam's last !  
The sounding shield repulsed the coming shaft,  
With bitter scorn the haughty Pyrrhus laughed :  
" *Thyself*, old man, a messenger shalt go,  
And these sad deeds Achilles tell below ;  
Now die !" Thus speaking, to his lasting shame

He drew his sword, and forward quickly came ;  
Dragged Priam, slipping in Polites' blood,  
To where his trembling wife and daughters stood.  
One stroke was all, the deed required no more,  
And Priam's reign and earthly course were o'er !

## To Pompey.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE. ODES, BOOK II. ODE 7.

#

---



FT in the ranks of war we've stood,  
Where deepest flowed the tide of  
blood ;

When Brutus granted with a gracious hand  
That thou in Rome a citizen should'st stand.

Oft, Pompey, when our toil was done,  
And low in Heaven sank the sun,  
We've quaffed full goblets of Falernian wine,  
Crowned with fair garlands of the golden vine.

See here this battered helm and shield,  
Mementoes of that bloody field,  
When from Philippi in a panic dread,  
The traitorous legions wavered, turned, and  
fled.

*Me*, in a cloud as dark as night,  
Hermes bore scatheless through the fight ;  
While *thou*, alas ! wert hidden in the wave  
Of battling warriors striving for the grave.

Give to great Jove what seems him best  
A thankful offering, then we'll rest  
Beneath my laurels and my glowing vines  
And drink right deeply as the day declines.

Fill with the ruby Massic wine,  
Watch the bright wavelets dance and shine,  
And pour the scents upon your flowing hair,  
Let body, mind, alike the pleasures share !  
.

Likest thou the myrtle ? Deeply quaff  
The ruddy torrent, loudly laugh.  
Who rules the feast ? Let the fair Venus say  
Who is to will the pleasures of the day !

“Oh had we some spot.”

---



H had we some spot on the earth's broad  
face,  
Some purer and happier clime,  
Where the soul could be free from the heart's  
disgrace,  
And but joy, and not sorrow, would leave a trace  
To fill up the record of time !  
  
Where nought but affection could ever be found,  
Dwelling deep in the breasts of all

And no cold, cruel anguish the heart-strings  
could wound,

Nor life's noblest feelings dash down to the  
ground,

To bid the hopes perish and fall.

There, there would we dwell, and in happiness  
think

Of the grief that had chilled us before,  
Of our deep-seated anguish, when over the brink  
Of danger's dark abyss, our hopes seemed to sink,  
And the pleasure of youth was o'er.

For alas! there now seems but a desert drear,  
Stretching far away from the sight ;  
And the pathway of life no longer is clear ;  
'Tis distraught with pale terrors, and darkened by  
fear,  
And the distance is shrouded in night.



And the bright star of fancy at length has waned,  
Shut out from the longing gaze,  
And the billows of sorrow have greater strength  
gained  
And the spirit for aye from its wishes refrained,  
For a broken heart nothing can raise !

## A Day Dream.

---



BEFORE me stretched far into space  
Dim phantoms of the mind ;  
The future was dark before me,  
And the past was dark behind.

And I seemed to see it rising,  
The future's faint drawn scene ;  
And I mused on the time that was coming,  
Though a dark cloud hung between.

I stood at the open window,  
And gazed on the busy street,

Heard the hum of voices rising,  
And the tread of hurrying feet.

And I drew in my mind the futures  
Of the crowds that passed below ;  
And I singled some out for happiness,  
And I traced for the others woe.

They passed so quick by the window,  
The attention was hardly cast,  
Ere the busy throngs intermingled,  
And the one whom I looked on had passed.

And I said to myself, " Thus always  
Will time roll its cycles on ;  
And the bark of life should be guided well,  
Lest the hope of its voyage be gone.

Ever, ever will years pass onward,  
Nor leave but their memory behind,

As music fades in the distance  
Borne off by the summer wind.

And I strained my eyes to the future,  
To see how our lives would run,  
Whether they would be dulled by shadows,  
Or cheered by the genial sun.

And I saw the dizzy phantoms,  
Plainer, plainer begin to grow ;  
And I chained the forms to my vision,  
The forms that I fain would know.

And I saw a mighty abyss,  
That yawned for my country's joy,  
When her iron hands grew supple  
And her pleasures began to cloy.

And I grieved as I saw the vision,  
And my thoughts swept back once more,  
And I heard the hum of the people,  
And the present seemed dark as before.

And I said to myself, "This present  
Bids watching and constant care,  
For dangers are hard to encounter,  
And troubles are harder to bear."

## A Fragment.

---



MID the throngs of busy souls  
That daily seek their worldly gain,  
A tiny whisper seems to thrill,  
That ever fades yet swells again.

There is a hidden chord of love  
Which moves the selfish hearts of all,  
That like a gleam of kindred light  
Upon the spirit seems to fall.

There is some quick magnetic power,  
That fellow men together binds,  
Though outward it be unobserved,  
Yet is, deep-rooted in the minds :

Nor would be seen, yet could we view

At different times the human breast,

We ever surely there should find

Some slight blood-yearning toward the rest.

## Anacreontique.

---



FILL the beady bowl to brimming,  
Let brave Bacchus rule the hours,  
Crown the head with scented garlands,  
Woven of the sweetest flowers!

Fill the goblets, fill the goblets,  
Drown dull care with wine and pleasure,  
Drink to Rome, and Roman power,  
Sparkling eyes, and golden treasure!

Ho Lyæus! Ho Lyæus!  
Bravest of the godly host,  
Here we thank thee, here we praise thee,  
Bacchus, Bacchus be our toast!



Swiftly fly the wingèd hours,  
Now declines the weary day,  
Stay not the wineskins, fill the goblets,  
Fling the cares of state away.

Fill with wine of Herculaneum,  
Falernian of the purple hue !  
See ! the ruddy waves dance brightly,  
Glorious is the wine to view.

Hail, brave Bacchus ! Hail, brave Bacchus !  
Prince of pleasure, god of wine !  
Life is short, but life is pleasant,  
Spent beneath the branching vine.

## To Edith.

---



H! the idol of my fancy, oh! the beacon of  
my heart,  
My Edith, though our spirits and our-  
selves be far apart,  
There is a wondrous power which scorns the tie of  
space,  
And rushes like a whirlwind to the sweetness of  
thy face!  
Though the hearts be far asunder, yet the thoughts  
will ever rove,

From the closeness of the present, to the form of  
her they love,

Will not ever, ever languish far away from scenes of  
joy,

Till the gloom of sad despondency Hope's colour-  
ing can destroy ;

Till the never-ending trials of the heart may gain  
its seat,

And its joy for ever perish, trodden down by cruel  
feet !

No ! the thoughts will never linger, but will bear  
the mind away

From the heaviness of twilight to the gladsome  
light of day,

Steal away the man's dark feelings, and bid him  
strain his eyes

To the misty shining future, and the faces which  
arise.

Hope, hope thou livest truly for the blessing of  
our kind !

To raise the troubled spirit, and to cheer the droop-  
ing mind,

To bid the heart brace up itself, to meet each fresh  
attack,

Never shirk the troublous dangers, or present the  
coward back.

Enough of morbid fancies, let me think of thee  
again!

Let the brightness of the vision rob remembrance  
of its pain,

Let the dream of sinless beauty bring a comfort  
and a rest,

To ease the ceaseless throbbing of the ever-loving  
breast.

Let those dear dark eyes bring comfort, in their  
loveliness secure,

Let them but pity anguish, time can never, never  
cure!

Ah, well a day.

---



THOUGH the laugh be loud and thrilling,

Yet it often veils a tear,

Though the world may look its fairest,

There's aye some trouble here !

Ah, well a day !

Never, never can the current

Of Time pass by so still,

But it leaves some troubled eddies,

The heart of man to fill !

Ah, well a day !

Yet still bravely battle forward,  
Through the long course to the goal,  
What is suffering in the body,  
If it only ease the soul!  
Ah, well a day!

## Blush'd were the Winds.

---



USHED were the winds of the summer  
night,  
Soft shone the moon's pure face,  
And each tiny grass-blade was shining bright  
With the tears of an angel race.

For 'tis said that the dews which at night begin,  
Nor past the morn can stay,  
Are the tears angels shed for the load of sin,  
That man has ta'en up in the day.

Then when the stars lit the deep blue sky,  
And earth sank into its rest,  
On a rustic seat sat my darling and I,  
Her head lying back on my breast.

Warm were the whispers that fell from us both,  
Sweet were the visions of love,  
As under the heavens we plighted our troth,  
With the stars looking down from above.

Hand clasped in hand, never, never to part,  
Oh how life's pathway will shine,  
When the words swell forth from the loving  
heart,  
"Ah! dearest, for *ever* I'm thine."

Long sat we there, and the time flew fast,  
Hours like seconds sped on,  
In the thought that our love was confessed at last,  
That our souls for ever were one!

Then rose we up, but the words still rung  
In our hearts as we parted that even:  
"Ah dearest, the paths of the world among,  
I'm thine, while to me life is given!"



## Ganymede.

---



HAT have I done, that so much honour  
as this  
Should shower its golden blessings on  
my head,

What charm of mine so filled the mind of him  
Who rules the earth and ocean with his nod  
With wild desire for the servitude  
Of a poor mortal. Better had he chosen  
One of a purer cast, under whose skin  
Courses th' ethereal ichor ; gods should serve  
As comrades, not with men, but fellow gods!

But since such honour has fallen to my share,  
Why should I not deserve the blessed weal ?  
And do what mortal can to satisfy  
My great immortal master's every will ?  
And yet, there now presents a troublous scene  
To my mind scarce recoverèd surprise ;  
I see a home without a lighted hearth,  
I see a sorrowing father far below  
Mourning his only son in bitter grief :  
I see the forest, laced with heaven's dew,  
The drops which gem as with a silver crown  
The forest of the pine, cresting the ridge  
Which stands in bold relief against the sky,  
Guarding our dwelling from the icy Thrace  
Which bounds the west. Oft, ere the morning sun  
Gilt the wide floods of Hellespont, I've stood  
Where mighty Jove was nourished on the hill ;  
Where grow the amaranth and asphodel  
In sweet profusion, and the fertile ground,  
Teeming with violets, affords the kine

Sweet smelling pasturage, and gives their milk  
The pleasant savour of the early flowers.  
There lies the wood, where in the dark recess  
Lurks in his covert lair the bristled boar,  
Adonis-slaying, with relentless tooth.  
Ye earthly pleasures, ye were greater far  
In your simplicity and young delights  
Ere envy or malignant Fortune cast a shade,  
Than all the never-fading happiness .  
Of this wide heaven. Oh mighty Jove, great King !  
At whose dread voice the boldest bows the knee  
In meek submission, grant my humble prayer !  
Take from me all of everlasting joy  
You reckoned for me. Send me back to earth.  
Send to fair Ida's mount the hapless boy  
You raped therefrom, send to his native earth  
The child of mortals, having for his bane  
Delight in mortal pleasures ; grant this boon !  
I never sought to leave the gentle spot  
Where I was born and lived for twenty years,

Uncognisant of any other state  
Than that indeed in which I moved, replete  
With further happiness or misery.  
Seek not to mix with the immortal gods  
*Earth's* offspring! Better let the falcon mate  
With harmless dove, than let a god descend  
To mortal level. Send me back, great King,  
Give me my life, my liberty, my joy."

## Ecce Homo.

---



THOUGHT of Him, who as a lowly child  
Came on our earth to suffer and to die ;  
And as I mused, a gentle languor  
swelled

Over my limbs, and I was in a dream ;  
In that long trance I thought I saw Him stand,  
Mocked by the world, to meet His cruel doom.

'Twas a wide square, and an excited crowd  
Was surging to and fro like mountain waves  
Cresting the stormy sea, and one low roar

Sullen and deep, now swelling and now hushed,  
Showed the wild conflict of their anxious minds.  
There was a hall, a pillared vestibule  
Before great Pilate's mansion, and the dais  
Was raised above the crowd. And now the  
shout  
Swelled louder and more dread! "Bring forth the  
Man,  
Where is this Jesus! Let us see our King!"  
And in the judgment hall, where Pilate sat,  
That cry was audible; and pale with fear,  
Lest that half maddened and tumultuous crowd  
Should raise a riot, "Bring him forth," he said.

So then they put on Him a purple robe,  
And for a sceptre in His gentle hand  
They placed a broken reed to mark His crime.  
Then with a crown of sharply piercing thorns,  
Bound tightly round His brow, they crowned Him  
king.

Yet o'er that blood-stained wreath of stinging  
                  thorns

Beamed a celestial halo and a grace,  
Heaven in itself shone in His patient smile.

I saw Him stand upon that terraced dais  
With all the throng of Israelites below,  
Meek was the aspect of His calm pale face,  
Streaked with the shining blood-drops ; sweet the  
                  look,

Yet with a background of such bitter woe  
As would have melted into briny tears  
A heart of marble ! Well I realised  
Those mighty words forespoken of this hour,  
" Lo, where is human sorrow like to mine ?"  
But from a group of men who stood apart,  
The Elders and the priests, there rose a cry :  
" This is the Nazarene ! This is the Man !"  
And with an awful echo of their words  
I heard the voice of Hierarchs in Heaven

Swelling in chorus, "Lo ! this is the Man."

Then the mad crowd, roused from all thoughts of  
shame,

Caught up the savage burden of the cry ;

And from that vast assemblage burst the shout

" He is a malefactor, He must die !

Away with Him, let Him be crucified !"

Again up-swelled those fearful words of doom :

" Away with Him, let Him be crucified !"

Then pale grew Pilate's face, and as the rout

Waxed louder, stronger, he delivered up

The innocent, whom in his heart of hearts

He knew was guiltless, Him he yielded up

Unto a shameful and a lingering death !

So they departed, with Him in their midst,

Bending beneath the burden of His cross,

Scoffed at and mocked by the blood-thirsty crowd.

None in that throng, none of His chosen flock

Were present Him to cheer in that dark hour ;

None of the people He had held so dear,



None of those sheep for whom he soon would die  
Turned e'en a kindly glance upon Him. Far  
In the dim distance, followed in the track  
His mother and the Magdalene ; their hair  
Loosed from confinement, and their eyes suffused  
With tears of blood, that they must view His  
death.

Yes, Jesu, yes, of all the living world,  
Few, few there were who shed a tear for Thee,  
Only those followers who had known Thyself,  
Had basked in Thy sweet sunshine, wept for  
Thee !

Thy loving mother, though Thou wast her Lord,  
Feeling the claim Thou had'st upon her heart,  
Mourned with a double anguish ! And the maid,  
Rescued by Thee from vice's damning path,  
Poor Magdalene, these, and the holy few,  
Thy chosen ministers watched o'er Thy death !

Then as He fainted 'neath His ghastly load,  
I saw the cross placed on the back of one

Compelled to bear it, till they reached a spot  
Fitting their purpose 'Golgotha' by name.

The cross was raised, and on its spreading arms  
They nailed His tender hands, and then His feet  
Streaming with crimson current were affixed  
To the rough fabric, while on either side  
Two other crosses bore their human loads.  
Three victims—three, and yet how different all !  
They on the sides, for many a heinous crime  
Condemned by law to suffer and to die,  
Their faces stamped with many a glaring trace  
Of inward passion and of bloody deeds ;  
Yet even these in their own minds were far  
Above the one who suffered in the midst.  
He, the Great God, accounted here below  
The vilest of His creatures ! Oh that love,  
Which prompted such forgetfulness of self,  
Is the true love which passeth man's idea.  
His look was more of sorrow than of pain,

Although His piercèd feet and hands were dyed  
With His pure blood fast trickling from the wounds  
Made by the cruel nails. And o'er His head  
Stretched a wide scroll with legend of His charge  
"This is the Jesus, King of all the Jews."  
Little they thought, who penned those truthful  
words,

What a vast sense they had, and though they meant  
Them but in mockery they formed the name  
He should for aye be known by. All that passed  
Mocked at Him spitefully with bitter taunts,  
"Art thou the Christ? descend then from the cross,  
And we will then believe. By devilish aid  
Thou saved'st others! Saviour, save Thyself!"  
Thus would they scoff, and even one of those  
Who suffered with Him, thus reproached His state;  
But to the other, with His latest breath  
He promised happiness, for he it was  
Who when repenting said, "Thou art the Lord,  
My Saviour, Jesus!" Then said God to him:

“ To-day, O man, with Me in Paradise  
Thy soul shall be !” And thus for six long hours  
Racked with a tearing mortal pain, He hung  
On the accursèd tree, while all the land  
Was dark by reason of the inky clouds  
Thick drawn before the sun, which could not see  
And shine upon his great Creator’s death.  
So thus for six long hours He hung in pain,  
Scoffed at by those for whom He guiltless died !  
Then at the ninth hour, He raised up His voice  
And cried, with an exceeding bitter cry,  
“ My God, my God, why hast Thou Me forsaken !”  
And at that cry, a pang shot thro’ my brain  
At the bare thought that such an one as He  
Should feel Himself forsaken, for His voice  
Thrilled with the accents of a dread despair !  
But they around said, “ Lo ! this Jesus calls  
Upon Elias,”—and one fetched a sponge,  
Filled with a bitter mixture, wine and gall.  
Then in a tone of utter bitterness

He cried to Heaven, "It is finishèd!"  
These were the last He spake; but now the earth  
Quaked with a surging motion, and the veil  
That barred the passage to the Holy place  
Was rent asunder. Then, a mighty fear  
Fell on all present, and the soldiers said:  
"Surely, this must have been the Son of God!"  
Then turned I, and behold! one clad in white,  
Spotless and pure, and with a shining light  
Full on his features playing stood beside,  
Then said he to me, "See'st thou yon cross,  
Dyed with the blood of One beyond all price?"  
And I replied, "Yea, Lord, I see it well,  
And truly sorrow liveth in my breast  
That one so innocent should perish thus."  
Then spake the Angel clad in garments white,  
"Man, list to Heaven and hear the sorrow there."  
So then it seemed as if the heavens were cleft,  
And angels' voices syllabled the name,  
Of Him who hung upon the tree in tones

Of bitter anguish, and my heart was rent  
By reason of that vision. Yet the chant  
Grew louder, louder, till at length it swelled  
Into a hymn of grace and victory.

Then felt I, that though pain was now His lot,  
Though now on earth He was despised of all,  
In that bright Heaven none was held so high  
As He now dying on that cross of shame.  
And while entranced I strained mine eyes and  
ears :

The bright-robed angel spake to me again,  
“ Man, mourn'st thou now ? Know that in future  
years,

Beyond the bound of e'en an angel's ken,  
He comes again ! Man, thou hast seen the past,  
And thou shalt see the future's dread event.  
Jesus, the Man of Sorrows, slain by those  
He perished but to save, hath risen again,  
And He will judge those men with righteous arm  
When His great power cometh on earth !”

Then faded all the scene the while I gazed,  
And mist-like clouds rolled downward from the  
sky

Obscuring all ; and now the angel took  
Me in his arms methought, and onward flew  
Toward the top of Olivet, and there  
He laid me down, then spake he, " Man, arise,  
And see what cometh on our doomed earth."  
Then at his words the clouds seemed drawn apart,  
And silence reigned unbroken as the dead.

So long I staid and wondering what would come,  
Then from the heavens there rose a dreadful sound,  
As of some wondrous trumpet swelling high.  
Far beyond mortal knowledge, till its tone  
Grew strong enough to wake the sleeping dead.  
Then seemed it that the skies were rent apart,  
And all the mighty angel-host of heaven  
Sank toward the earth, and in the front of all  
I saw that ' Man of Sorrows ; ' well I knew

The contour of the face ; it was the same  
As that I saw pain-drawn upon the cross.  
But now, those features were not filled with grief,  
Sternness was planted on the spreading brow ;  
He *had been* Saviour, *now* he was the Judge.  
His head was crowned, not with the pointed  
                  thorns,


But with a wreath of everlasting flame,  
Shedding a heavenly glow upon a face  
Already noble past my human thought.  
Then at that trumpet sound an earthquake shook  
The doomèd universe, and all the graves  
Disgorged their inmates ; the vast sea upheaved,  
And from his depths awakened from their sleep  
The pallid corpses. Then the trumpet blast  
Grew stronger, and a mighty rushing wind  
Collected all, both dead and living men,  
Into a crowd before Mount Olivet.  
And on the summit of the towering rock  
Sat the eternal Godhead throned in state,



With all the wingèd cherubims of heaven  
Clustering round ; and at his feet there stood  
The two recording angels, he of crimes,  
And he of virtues, the great guardians.  
Then sounded once again th' Archangel's trump,  
And forthwith earth yawned open, split apart  
With wild reverberating noise ; the depths  
Grew deeper, deeper, till before all eyes  
Blazed the e'er-burning sulphur lake of Hell ;  
And, from the midst of that vast fiery gulf,  
Rose the condemned angels in a crowd,  
In such vast number that their waving wings  
Formed a great whirlwind. Then I turned to him  
Who stood beside, " Bright angel, who are these ?"  
Then spake the seraph, " These were cherubs all,  
Loved by the Father, till their pride-filled King  
Lured on by fell ambition's path devised  
A plot against th' eternal Son of God.  
He for this crime was banished from the sky,  
And cast into the lowest depths of Hell,

Together with all angels of his sect,  
That there they might for ever lie in pain,  
Wishing, e'er wishing for their long lost home,  
Longing, e'er longing for a glimpse of grace,  
Watching, e'er watching for a single spark  
Which might enkindle a faint flickering hope  
Of glad redemption. These ye see are they."

I saw before the awful throne of God  
The nations standing ; but no single *one*  
Had thinking of his brother, all his thoughts  
Ran on the dread, irrevocable past !  
Some of the faces wore a look of joy,  
As though the souls were gladdened at the day  
Which brought them nearer home ; and some there  
were,  
Who joined the Hallelujahs of the Saints  
Praising before the throne. But there were those  
Whose faces wore the look of deadly fear,  
And from their pale-blanchèd and affrighted lips



Broke cries for mercy, pardon, but their shrieks  
Met with the sullen echo of "*Too late.*"  
Then turned many to the mountain-heights  
Praying, "O mountains, fall and hide our shame!  
O earth, conceal us from this awful doom!"  
Falling upon their knees, and with their nails  
Tearing the rocky ground, striving to find  
A screen, a hiding place, an instant's grace  
From the dread sentence which awaited them.  
Vain, vain pursuit: All now was past for aye,  
Those, who had crucified Him, and had laughed  
In mockery at Him suffering on the cross,  
Had pierced Him, tortured Him until He died,  
Knew the great face again; then rose their screams  
"Christ, was it Thou? Oh! God we never knew  
Or dreamt, that He, who died on that foul cross,  
Was God's eternal offspring! O forgive!"  
And then their teeth bit through the tight-drawn  
    lips,  
Until the agony grew so intense

They strove to tear, with terror-stiffened hands,  
The eyeballs straining and most nigh to crack !  
This poor, poor wish was futile, and their ears  
Heard thrilling from the Saints who thronged  
Him round,  
“ Behold the Man ! the risen Son of God ! ”

And then the Elders with the golden harps  
Hymned forth the name “ Jehovah,” and the  
Heaven  
Swelled with a burst of music far beyond  
All that has been and all that e’er shall be.  
Then rose the recording angel, and he called  
Upon the name of one within that throng ;  
So forth there stept an aged form, and bowed :  
Yet now upon his features shone a joy  
Unutterable, as if the Father’s grace  
His soul had caught a part of, and he spake  
The actions of his life, gazing the while  
Upon the features of the King of Kings ;

Then I beheld, how that his face waxed sad  
When e'er he told an evil thought or word ;  
Still had he striven against the curse of sin,  
And as he spoke a smile broke o'er the face  
Of the great Lord of Lords, and as the man  
Ceased from his count, I heard a voice come forth,  
Forth from the mouth of Him upon the throne—  
“ Come, come, most blessèd, to the blissful home  
Prepared for thee since first the world began.”  
And then the Elders standing round the throne  
Caught up the burden, till the arc of heaven  
Seemed rent with joy, “ Come, come, thou blest of  
God,

Enter the kingdom of eternal weal !”  
So then they robed him too in white,  
And crossing to the right he stood beside  
The King of Glory. Now, I saw a crowd  
Clad in white raiment, and with amaranth  
Twined round their brows who never ceased to cry,  
“ Lord, now avenge us on our enemies !”

These knew I well, they were the righteous souls  
Who suffered martyrdom for Jesus' sake  
Gladly and willingly, these ever cry  
To Him who sits upon the throne  
"Vengeance is due, O Lord, and take the fill."  
Then turnèd I, and lo! another name  
Was spoken by the angel, and a man,  
Shrinking in terror, was constrained to come  
Forth from the mass; not like the former face  
Filled with a joy celestial, his wore  
A look of unfeigned anguish, "Lord," he cried,  
"As thou art merciful spare, spare me now!  
O Jesus, Saviour, spare me!" But a frown  
Hung on the Almighty's features as he spake:  
"Oh man, if this be thy request, first state  
The sum of thy good deeds upon the earth,—  
Thy works from birth to death." So then he was  
Compelled to tell the number of his sins;  
How that in fear of man and not of God  
He passed his years in wantonness and vice;

What had he given if earth could blot him out  
And hide him from the anger of the Lamb !  
Then cried I to the angel standing by,  
“ My Lord, what is the doom of him who speaks ?”  
And silently he pointed to the spot  
Where Lucifer was standing with a smile  
Of bitter triumph on his evil face.  
“ Thou see'st yon, enough !” Meanwhile the man  
Finished the catalogue of heinous crimes,  
And, with a wailing, pitying cry for grace,  
He fell flat forward. But then spake the voice  
Of dread Jehovah. “ Man, thy doom is just.  
When I was houseless, didst thou harbour me ?  
When I was sick, didst thou then pity me ?  
Depart from me, accursèd, to the flames  
Of endless torment, to the place without,  
Where ever thou must live in lingering death.”  
Then was he gathered to the left, and stood  
Bedewed in sorrow, now, alas ! too late.  
So followed all the myriads standing round—

Some doomed to torment, and some told, for joy,—  
And swift passed time to me while in my dream,—  
Until all there had bowed to God's command.

Then Michael the Archangel once again  
Sounded his trump, and with a living shout,  
Those standing on the right before the throne  
Were caught up with the myriads of saints  
Into the expanse of firmament above,  
And every saint bore in his hand a harp,  
From which resounded strains that told how glad  
Felt the pure hearts they sprung from. There was  
one,

One group of female saints of beauty far  
Beyond our earthly standard, but though now  
Their features were so radiant I knew  
Them once again, and scarce could I restrain  
My voice from crying, " Martyrs, blest are ye!"  
Long after these I gazed, and quite forgot  
Those on the left, until he clad in white  
Who stood beside me, oped his grave-drawn lips :



“Sinner, mark well the doom of those who stand  
Full on the edge of the abysmal pit  
From which is exit never. These are they  
Who scoffed at Jesus, mocked His holy truths,  
Lived in the atmosphere of self-deceit ;  
This is their end ! Ages must onward roll,  
Ages on ages, yet shall they be found  
Still feeling as acutely every pang,  
Each fond remembrance of the ruined past ;  
The future lost but by their evil deeds,  
The grace turned from them by the lack of prayer,  
And these thoughts shall be worse, ay fifty times  
Worse, than the bitterest tortures Hell contains.  
Yet dream not these are scanty ! Fire and death,  
Ever consuming bodies unconsumed,  
Shall rack their vitals. Then and not till then,  
When the forgotten hopes and fears of Time  
Are swallowed in the vast eternity,  
They will repent. Oh ! but a warning take,  
Retrace thy footsteps ere it be too late !

For surely, as that judgment shall appear  
Upon this earth, so surely is it fixed  
Sin shall receive what punishment is due.”  
Then looked I on the faces of the souls  
Striving to struggle from the yawning gulf,  
But, if perchance, one gained the edge, a fiend  
Flew close to him and rudely hurled him back.  
So too, all those who had not reached the brink  
Strove to escape it, though the devils hung  
Thickly around them, barring every hope.  
One there was who had firmly grasped the side  
And clung thereto in mortal agony,  
And as the grinning fiend held him tight  
I saw each straining nerve and sinew crack  
By reason of the tension, till his force  
Could bear no longer, and he backwards fell  
With one long shriek into that fiery gulf!

And there were many gazing at the heaven  
With eyes fixed on the glory that was there,

Wailing, "O blessed! come and aid us now,  
One drop of water would relieve, *one* drop!"  
Then finding no response, they would blaspheme  
In such foul terms that it were death to hear!

Then turned I my sickened eyes away  
And fixed them on the blessed, and the voice  
Sprung from the throne resounded saying, "Hail!  
Servants of God, yours be the bliss for ever!"  
And all the wingèd armies of the skies  
Swelled the great shout, "Yours be the bliss for  
ever!"

Then from the throne there burst a living flame,  
And the earth shrivelling, melted all away;  
The heavens expanded, and a glorious home  
Was opened to my sight, whereto the blest  
Ascended one and all, with Christ before  
Leading them to their rest; and as they rose  
The Heavenly Home grew brighter, while they  
sung:

“ Hail ! Hail ! glory all glory to the Lamb !  
Thou art the King, the Lord and God of Kings !  
Hail ! Hail ! Redeemer, Christ, Jehovah, God ! ”  
Thus singing, passed the mighty host from sight,  
And looking round, the seraph who had stood  
So late beside me, he had vanished too.  
And then cried I, “ Blessèd are ye in truth ! ”  
But with a start, I woke from out my dream !

## Stanzas.

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SON of the Morning, like Heaven awak-  
ing  
With the sweet dawn to the fulness of  
light,  
So Thy bright grace on our spirits is breaking,  
Chasing away sin's dark shadows and night.

Human Redeemer, in flesh as a mortal,  
Though in truth Thou wast God of Thy recreant  
race,  
Thou passedst from Heaven through death's  
gloomy portal,  
To win for Thy ransomed a glorious place.

Hell sought in vain in its chains to enthrall Thee,  
Thou wast beyond the dominion of death ;  
Nor sorrow, nor shame could dismay or appal Thee,  
Thou sighedst for man Thy last faintly drawn  
breath.

When on the cross in Thy pain Thou wast dying,  
Satan rejoiced that his Master was dead,  
But when beneath the dark earth Thou wast lying,  
Angels watched over Thy ever-blest Head !

Those whom Thou lov'dst, o'er Thy sufferings were  
weeping,  
Mourning their Lord, and e'en sharing His pain,  
Thou in the grave's quiet chamber wast sleeping,  
Soon to emerge in Thy glory again !

## "Let the faint heart."

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LET the faint heart arise

To face the thorny way,  
And see with hopeful eyes  
The dawning of the day.

And let that way appear,  
Though troubles thickly lower,  
The path to lead us near,  
Nearer to Him each hour.

To draw us near to Heaven,  
To endless, endless rest,  
Oh let that rest be given,  
A place among the blest !

Oh ! let the weary heart  
Find evermore its peace,  
Its earthly cares depart,  
Its mortal sorrows cease.



## Our Lord's entry into Jerusalem.

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OSANNA ! cried the crowd, and in a  
rapturous shout  
Forth poured their welcome to the  
living God,

From the green palm-trees, budding o'er the way  
And ripe with blossom, the thick sprays down pulled,  
They strewed a carpet from fair Nature's woof  
For Him who made them. Far as the eye could reach  
Joyful they came, old patriarchs on their staves  
Weak leaning, yet who came in hope and love  
To meet their Saviour, matrons with their sons  
Fast clinging to the dress and peeping forth  
In baby wonderment ; young men and maids

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In vast array poured down the sunny slopes  
Spread o'er with vines. The balmy summer air  
Vibrates with sound, deep-drawn, as some huge bell  
Peals forth its waves of living sound along  
The silent streets. Hark, hark, they cry again  
'Messiah comes! Hosanna to the Lord!'  
He came, He came, not as their fathers dreamt  
He would have come, in pride, but lower far  
Than e'en His creatures, riding on an ass;  
Peaceful His look, yet the majestic mien  
And tempered justice in the kindly eye  
Showed, that although He came to save, not slay,  
He well beseeemed the part of King of Kings!  
Athwart the sun like a vast crimson lake  
Cast a red glow upon the town beneath,  
The domes and cupolas shone rosy bright  
With the departing rays as down they came,  
And all the throng with shouting filled the air.  
But as He gazed upon the homes below,  
And thought on all the misery and woe



That would afflict His creatures when the sword  
And famine bowed the now triumphant heads,  
A tear stood in His eye ; He knew that they,  
Who now so rapturously hymned His praise  
In swelling notes until the Heavens rang,  
Would in a few short days grow hard of heart,  
And all their love would lose its gentle force  
At sight of opposition, and that these  
Would be the first to claim His guiltless life,  
Would be the cruellest among His foes,  
Seeking His blood ; and as He thought of this  
The dewy drops stole slowly down His cheeks,  
And Jesus wept, wept for His murderers,  
(Murderers to be, although they loved Him then)  
Because He pitied their poor darkened eyes,  
They knew not what they did. But ever still  
Arose the same triumphant cry of joy,  
“ Messiah hail ! He comes, He comes to reign,  
Of whom the prophets spake in times of old,  
Hosanna to the Lord ! ” So the array

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Poured onward stream-like, till it reached the gates ;  
And as He set His foot within the walls  
The sun sank down behind a bank of clouds,  
As if to hide its grief, to shut its face  
For ever from the coming scene of woe.

THE END.











